

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 17, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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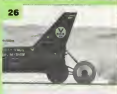
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Abstract Words

TANK HEAVEN for not-so-little girls, and here they are again in our annual please-cancel-my-subscription suit, this year striped for action and looking fierce in their tank (or riding) suits. Hawaii's Maui is where they're at and as Richard W. Johnston discloses, where it's at, it being a hot new resort and the world's best potato chips. Frank Deford reveals there are now 25 McDonald's in Hawaii, but that doesn't mean the islands are going downhill. Hey, life is commercial.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WOMEN'S WORTH

Whether or not women athletes will follow men into the big-business hoopla of college sport was the topic of long debate at last week's meeting in Memphis of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women. The AIAW worried, for example, about Nancy Lieberman of Far Rockaway, N.Y., a high school basketball star who played on the U.S. team at the Olympics and who last spring was courted by more than 70 colleges. Coaches sat on her doorstep; one offered her a free car and an apartment if she would accept a scholarship.

The AIAW finally decided that, beginning in August 1978, scholarships will be limited to tuition and fees (no room and board and so on). It also forbids schools from paying coaches for recruiting-trip expenses. Some who object to these rules protest that limiting aid to women penalizes Jane while John breezes through college on a full ride.

"Denying young women what is given to men is not only illegal, it is immoral," says Linda Estes, women's athletic director at the University of New Mexico. On the other hand, Christine Grant of Iowa, head of an AIAW committee that analyzed the proposals, warns that liberalized recruiting and broader scholarship aid "would lead us down a path where we would think of the student as a property who performs prescribed tasks."

Others opposed to the AIAW restrictions feel that bigtime sport for women is here already. Horace McCool, athletic director at Delta State, which has won the women's national basketball championship twice in a row, says, "Our whole region is in favor of recruiting. I don't care what they're talking about. When we play the game we play to win, and therefore we want to go look for the finer high school athletes. Our young ladies this year will play 12 home ball games and eight of them will be sellouts."

The question, of course, is whether women's athletics should continue to be

part of the educational process or drift into the sports-entertainment business. It's not an easy question to answer.

TWO EASY PIECES

In the old days, the Big Ten used to prosper in the Rose Bowl—when it was the Big Ten instead of the Big Two. From 1947 through 1968, the first 22 years of the pact that brings the Pacific Coast and the Midwest together in Pasadena on New Year's Day, the Big Ten had a 16-6 edge, and every school in the conference made at least one trip to the Rose Bowl. Since 1969, when Michigan and Ohio State took over, only those two overinflated powerhouses have gone to Pasadena. And they have lost seven of the nine games they've played there.

The obvious conclusion seems to be that the Big Ten was far more effective when it was a competitive conference, when playing talent was more evenly distributed, when its eventual champion had to win more than a two-team race.

EDWIN MOSES

Personal note. For the past month or so this magazine and other people and institutions in sport have been acclaiming the outstanding individuals, teams and events of 1976: Chris Evert, Nadia Comaneci, Joe Morgan, Tony Dorsett, Dr. J, the Cincinnati Reds, the Montreal Canadiens, the Olympic Games. . . . The editor of this department now takes a few lines to salute one more memorable event and an admirable individual.

The person? Edwin Moses. The event? The 400-meter hurdles at Montreal. This most demanding of track events requires not only speed and stamina but meticulous technique and unflappable poise. You cannot compete seriously in the 400-meter hurdles unless you possess all four qualities in abundance. At Montreal, Moses sustained them at maximum levels to win decisively in world-record time. More than that, he won with style and dignity, with a clear understanding of what he had accomplished. Perhaps the

best moment of all came 10 or 15 yards past the tape when the victorious Moses, realizing he had done what he had set out to do so many months before, slowly clapped his hands together three times in a sort of private ceremony of self-congratulation, richly deserved.

FOREVER JIM

Although more and more young girls give as much time and attention nowadays to practicing cross-court volleys and executing backflips à la Nadia as they do to dolls and dresses, not too many are into boxing. As a matter of fact, we don't know of any, other than 11-year-old Amber Edwina Hunt of Murray, Utah, who would rather be called Amber Jim.

Amber Jim, boxing against boys, which doesn't seem to bother anybody, has won eight straight fights, all by technical knockouts. The last two TKOs came in Junior Olympic Golden Gloves competition (one in the first round, the other in the second). Now she has her sights



on winning the Utah State championship in March. She is the first girl to compete in the Golden Gloves in Utah and, her Coach Tony Bullock believes, is probably the first female Golden Glove in the country. She's also an outstanding swimmer (freestyle and butterfly) and runs three miles to and from school each day.

Amber Jim's parents are all for her boxing activities. "I've always allowed my children to use their own minds," says her mother, Mrs. Jack Hunt, noting that her three sons, all younger than Amber Jim, are not athletically inclined. "Her tomboyish aggressiveness started when

she was a baby, when she continually tore up her crib. She's all girl, but she never really cared for dolls and such. She didn't care for boys' toys, either. She just became wrapped up in athletics, and boxing and swimming are her two loves."

"She's quite a fighter," says her father. "She's tough and a good boxer. She's like those Polish and Russian fighters—aggressive, always on the attack."

As for Amber Jim, she says, "I want to prove a girl can do anything a boy can do. I want to go to the Olympics and be the first girl to win a gold medal combination in boxing and swimming."

Watch your language, Amber Jim. Not girl. Person.

WHAT DOES LOSE MEAN?

Coaches recruiting high school football players like to tell young prospects that they'll be joining a winning "program" if they come to old Hardnose Tech, but too often they have to admit, "Well, yes, we were upset by Wishbone L."

Not so for the staff at Texas A&I of Kingsville, Texas. The Javelinas, champion of the NAIA, have won 39 straight games, the longest winning streak in college football. The streak is so long that the veterans returning to the squad next fall possess in common a unique status among college players. None has ever played in a losing game. Now that is what you call a winning program.

LOVE ALL

Bill Talbert, former tennis star and one-time captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, is worried about the infighting in his game. Noting the plethora of governing organizations in tennis—ATP, WTA, ILTF, MIPTC, USTA, TDA, as well as sponsored tours such as the Colgate Grand Prix, World Championship Tennis and the Virginia Slims circuit—he says, "The struggle for power and control of the game is heating up again."

Talbert recommends a "single unified circuit and a strong, well-funded satellite tour." He feels it is vitally important that the pros have the opportunity to compete in a different tournament every week of the year, without having to worry about conflicting events. He wants Davis Cup competition included in the tournament schedule. He wants a system of credits for good play so top players can qualify automatically for major tournaments, as top golfers do.

The satellite tour would let untested

continued



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SCORECARD continued

players—the Everts and Connors of tomorrow—hone their skills and develop tournament toughness. "Every kid can hit the ball well," Talbert says, "but some are exceptional. With the chance to play regularly in satellite events, it wouldn't be long before such kids move up into major competition. Right now, with so many events starting with fields of only 16 players, it is almost impossible for an unknown to get a shot at a star."

Commercial support of the game would continue under Talbert's plan, but a player might appear in a WCT tourney one week, an ATP tourney the next, and so on. Certain events would be mandatory for top players, just as certain golf events are "designated" must events for golf stars.

"Tennis will survive in spite of itself," Talbert says, "but for it to flourish, greed must be replaced by the realization that the game as a whole is the important thing. A single unified major league is the lock. Effective, unselfish management is the key."

JUST FOLKS

Zebras, the players call them, those men in the striped shirts with the whistles and the "flags" you see on so many plays. But who are these energetic arbiters of the law? Unlike baseball umpires, pro football officials are amateurs, in a sense, for whom the game is an avocation. Take the men who ran things on the field during last Sunday's Super Bowl, the biggest single sporting event of the year. In real life the referee, Jim Tunney, is an assistant superintendent of schools in Bellflower, Calif. The umpire, Lou Palazzà, is a landscape architect in Scranton, Pa. The head linesman, Ed Marion, is an insurance man in Portland, Maine. Line Judge Bill Swanson is vice-president of a bank in Libertyville, Ill. Back Judge Tom Kelleher is an executive with a lumination company in Philadelphia. And the field judge, Armen Terzian, is director of physical education for schools in San Francisco.

Zebras are your neighbors. Be gentle with them.

SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE

Sooner or later something will have to be done about football helmets, and if Dr. Don Cooper, team physician at Oklahoma State, has his way, it will be sooner. Helmets and shoulder pads are supposed to be protective armor for players,

but Cooper argues persuasively that they have become offensive weapons and that they cause far too many injuries. For example, he says the rib injury the Pittsburgh Steelers' Franco Harris suffered against Baltimore—which kept him out of the AFC championship game with Oakland—was caused by the impact of a rock-hard helmet.

Cooper even suggests that the future of football is threatened by injuries caused by hard helmets. He cites a \$4.5-million dollar judgment (now under appeal) against a football-helmet manufacturer in a suit brought in Florida and says two other sporting goods manufacturers have stopped making helmets because of lawsuits. He believes other manufacturers may follow the same route. "Without helmets," he says, "we'll have no football."

Cooper wants soft outer-shell helmets made mandatory; he also favors soft outer-shell shoulder pads. "We have soft thigh and hip pads, and there's no reason why we can't have soft helmets and shoulder pads, too." He says the chief opponents of soft helmets and pads are coaches. "Coaches think they need to hear the sound of hard helmets hitting together to make it sound like football," he says. "If they want to arm the players, they might as well issue helmets like the Germans wore in World War I, with spikes on them."

Cooper notes that some people say the soft helmets tend to stick and therefore cause neck injuries. "That's not true," Cooper says, "but even if it were, all that the manufacturers would have to do is coat the soft shell with Teflon, and it would slide just like hard helmets do."

THEY SAID IT

● Claude Charron, Quebec's Sports Minister, on the future of Montreal's Olympic facilities: "The stadium is a white elephant, and if you throw in the velodrome and swimming pool, you have to say I'm in charge of a herd of white elephants."

● Bruce Munro, former Harvard basketball assistant, asked what kind of player West Virginia Governor Jay Rockefeller was when he was on the Crimson squad in the '50s: "He was tall."

● Weeb Ewbank, former Colt and Jet coach, on life in retirement in Ohio: "All that's happening to me is that my self-winding watch has run down." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 17, 1977

THE RAIDERS WERE ALL



And the Vikings were all but wiped out in the Super Bowl, as Oakland ran and passed pretty much as it pleased in setting a record for total offense. But the final score may be of interest only to trivia fans

SUPED UP

by Dan Jenkins

MVP Fred Biletnikoff set up three touchdowns with his peerless catches. Here he's nabbed on the goal line by Nate Wright near the end of the first half.



CONTINUED



Clarence Davis, the game's leading rusher with 137 yards in 16 carries, wheels down the left sideline with Bobby Bryant and Paul Krause in hot pursuit

SUPER BOWL continued

For your final halftime stunt, ladies and gentlemen in the stands for Super Bowl XI, write down on your cards what you think of the Minnesota Vikings so far. Now hold the cards up.

Nah, it would never clear the censors. The football game was essentially over by then, as so many Super Bowls have been concluded prematurely by the Vikings, who somehow seem to save their worst for Pete Rozelle's answer to urban strife set to music and pigeons. The only fascinating part was how ingeniously cussy Minnesota made it for the Oakland Raiders this time. It was perfectly evident that the Raiders came to play a superb game; it was just that no one realized they wouldn't have to.

Before the final score becomes a question for trivia experts, let it be stated that the bearded, brawling Raiders won the "World Championship Game" 32 to 14 last Sunday afternoon. They did it by lavishing on themselves all kinds of luxuries seldom seen in clashes that are supposed to be close and hard-fought and

nervously contested. They played throw-and-catch as if they were in a game of two-below touch. They made a running star out of a former USC halfback who isn't known by his initials. They had a punt blocked for the first time since Ray Guy was in diapers. They missed a field goal and two extra points when Errol Mann kept aiming at the Ventura Freeway instead of the Rose Bowl uprights. They got a 75-yard touchdown dash with an interception out of a fellow who can't outrun anybody but John Madden and Fran Tarkenton. And what it all meant was that these Raiders were so ready and so talented, they succeeded in turning the Super Bowl halftime extravaganza into something people seriously watched.

This, of course, was well after the Vikings had gotten the two big breaks in the early part of the proceedings—a missed Oakland field goal and a blocked Oakland punt—and wound up with a 16-0 halftime score, Oakland's favor. After that it was perfectly clear to the 100,421 Pasadena witnesses that the Vikings

were going to do for the Raiders what they had done for the Kansas City Chiefs in the 1970 Super Bowl (they lost 23-7), what they had done for the Miami Dolphins in the 1974 Super Bowl (they lost 24-7), and what they had done for the Pittsburgh Steelers in the 1975 Super Bowl (they lost 16-6).

And when it was over, poor Fran Tarkenton repeated what he had said after two of those wonderful exhibitions: "They played extremely well. We played lousy."

Before the Vikings started making a 137-yard runner out of Clarence Davis, and letting Ken Stabler find Fred Biletnikoff and Dave Casper open all over the field, there was this bizarre turnaround in the first quarter which may have had something to do with the destiny of both teams. What it did was so discourage the Vikings that they looked forever after as if they would rather have been somewhere else—like icefishing, perhaps—on Jan. 9, 1977.

When Viking Linebacker Fred Mc-

Neill flew in from the left side to block Guy's punt—something no sane person thought could happen—and then covered the football on Oakland's three-yard line, and when he did it 10 minutes into the first period with the score still 0-0, there was reason to suspect that these old men of the North were finally going to overcome their bad Super Bowl habits. That feeling didn't last long.

After Chuck Foreman made one yard, Tartenton decided to give the ball to Brent McClanahan for another stab into the middle of Oakland's line. Somewhere in there McClanahan lost the ball—either because Otis Sistrunk growled at him or Phil Villapiano bit him. McClanahan later explained the fumble by saying, "No comment, no comment, no comment, no comment." Eight of those, in fact. In any case, Willie Hall came up with the ball for the Raiders. And after that it was just a question of whether Stabler wanted to pass for more yardage than Davis ran for.

How the Vikings managed to block the punt without Nate Allen doing it from the right side was interesting. McNeill

jumped to the outside of his blocker just before the snap and had a clear path to Guy from the left. Actually, the blocked ball bounced over Bobby Bryant's head at the seven-yard line, or Bryant no doubt would have duplicated his feat in the NFC title game against the Rams, when he dashed 90 yards with a kick that Allen had blocked—the play that probably sent Minnesota to Pasadena. With a good hop, Bryant would have had a touchdown, and Minnesota would have had the lead. As it happened, Minnesota got nothing. The Vikings simply began extending a weird Super Bowl record that now finds them scoring zero points in the first halves of their four games against 51 for all the fortunate AFC teams that have met them.

When Stabler took over and drove the Raiders 97 yards for their first flicker on the scoreboard—a 24-yard Minn field goal—a pattern began to emerge. Casper was going to be open, so was Biletnikoff, and Davis was going to burst through openings—most often to his left against the overaged and undernourished right side of Minnesota's defense—and

complete statistics similar to those that Miami's Larry Csonka (145 yards) and Pittsburgh's Franco Harris (158 yards) had amassed against the Vikings in previous Super Bowls.

On their right side the Vikings started Jim Marshall at end, Wally Hilgenberg at outside linebacker, Bryant at the corner and Paul Krause behind Bryant at safety. Marshall is 39 years old, and while he was listed at 240 pounds in the program, he started the game at 228. Hilgenberg was playing the final game of his 13th NFL season, they say, charitably, that he was "a step slower" all year. Bryant, a 170-pounder, never has relished body contact, and Krause has spent most of his 13 years avoiding collisions, too.

That Oakland intended to direct its ground game to Minnesota's right side was hardly a secret, for the Raiders have always had great success running to their left behind the massive bodies of Guard Gene Upshaw (255 pounds) and Tackle Art Shell (290)—not to mention Tight End Casper (230) when he sets up left. "When we put Casper over there with Shell and Upshaw," says Coach John

continued

Using his head: Pete Banaszak, a veteran of the loss to Green Bay in Super Bowl II, tumbles into the end zone for his second touchdown. Oakland's third



Madden, "we've got some tough bunch."

They sure had. It was like tanks against Jeeps, battleships against corvettes. "We knew it had to be won in the pit," Upshaw said afterward. "The game plan was to run at 'em. We knew if we could run at 'em, Snake would get 'em on the passing." Or as Davis said, "All the glory should go to the guys up front."

During the first half alone the Raiders directed 17 running plays at Minnesota's right side and only three at the left—and gained eight times as many yards. After recovering McClanahan's fumble at the three, Oakland was still in a hole with a third and seven at the six when Davis signaled the running order for the day by racing around his left side for 35 yards. Oakland's left-side blocking was so overpowering, in fact, that Marshall never made a tackle during the long afternoon.

Halfway through the third quarter, Davis, who played after O. J. Simpson and before Anthony (A. D.) Davis at USC, had gained more than 100 yards, reeling off dashes of 20 yards and 35 yards and 13 yards and 18 yards. He was going to wind up with 137 in all, although he carried the ball only 16 times, an average of a mere 8.6 yards a carry, and he didn't even play the last six or seven min-

utes. Oakland established a team record for total offense with 429 yards, as Stabler also pierced the Vikings by completing 12 of 19 passes for 180 yards. This included a nifty pass to Biletnikoff at the Minnesota one, followed by a lob to Casper for Oakland's first touchdown.

The Raiders scored their second touchdown when Biletnikoff made a sliding catch of a 17-yard pass at the goal line and then Pete Banaszak took it across, giving Oakland a 16-0 halftime lead. A 40-yard Mann field goal made it 19-0 in the third quarter.

Then, for a few fleeting moments, it appeared that Tarkenton might make a game of it—maybe even engineer a wild, come-from-behind Minnesota victory that he could talk about on NBC's *Grandstand* for the next six months. Taking advantage of two penalties against the Raiders, who for the most part performed like gentlemen, Tarkenton finally moved the Vikings into the end zone in the final minute of the quarter with an eight-yard flip to rookie Sammie White.

Trailing 19-7 now, the Vikings held the Raiders on downs. A Guy punt traveled only 32 yards, giving Minnesota a first down at its own 22. Tarkenton skill-

fully moved the Vikings to a second and one at the Oakland 35, but Raider Middle Linebacker Monte Johnson spilled Foreman for a loss of two yards and Tarkenton—scrambling to avoid a group of Raiders—threw an ill-advised floater to Foreman that was picked off by the ubiquitous Hall. Stabler immediately located Biletnikoff alone in the middle and hit him for a 35-yard gain, leading to a second easy Banaszak touchdown and a 26-7 Raider lead.

"We came out to open up the game," Stabler said later. "We had no intention of being conservative. We wanted to let it all hang out."

It might have hung out even more if Minnesota's Jeff Simon hadn't been in the game at middle linebacker. He made 15 tackles by himself, and it was Simon who pointed out that Minnesota's aging defense couldn't afford to stay on the field as long as it did without getting exhausted.

One thing Minnesota's latest Super Bowl caper does, quite naturally, is bring up all those questions about Tarkenton again. Fran is now not only 0 for 3 in the spectacle, but he has also thrown only two touchdown passes—and one of those was to Oakland's Willie Brown,

Up to an old Minnesota trick, Fred McNeil blows in to block a Ray Guy punt, but the Vikes blew a chance to take the lead by fumbling on the Oakland two.



the one Brown returned 75 yards for the Raiders' grand final touchdown in the fourth quarter. Happily, Brown, the 14-year cornerback who is one of the four leftovers from the Oakland team that lost Super Bowl II to Green Bay, had to outdistance only Tarkenton himself on the journey.

What Tarkenton did not do against Oakland was make anything happen when it mattered. Over and over, the Vikings would get the ball and not go anywhere. It was well into the third quarter before Minnesota got any deeper into Oakland territory, by virtue of its offense, than a few feet across the 50-yard line.

When it was all over, there were various suggestions on how to remedy the situation. Coach Bud Grant said the Vikings ought to play the Super Bowl on Wednesdays, perhaps. And someone said it was time Tarkenton quit playing as if he were trying to protect a 16-0 deficit.

Throughout much of the week it had seemed that the Freeway Bowl would be played on a Pasadena water bed. It wasn't until Saturday that anyone in the Los Angeles area saw sunshine. Aside from spoiling a lot of the golf games planned by the multitude of NFL owners and their friends, the weather obviously threatened to change the nature of the contest. It simply kept raining. And when it wasn't raining the skies were darker than the smog had ever made them. So, more than ever, everybody liked the Raiders, who have always been good mudders. As someone put it, "Al Davis found a way to bring the mud with him." This, of course, was a reference to the old claim that the Raiders sprinkle their home sod to impede speedier opponents.

Davis, who was supposed to be the villain of the event, kept a low profile all week. You would have thought that with the Raiders finally in the big game again after a nine-year wait, Al would have hung around and enjoyed the limelight. But he was practically invisible. On game day, as he loitered on the field after the Oakland team buses arrived, he was asked where he had been.

"Aw, you know me," he said. "If I come around, I say something controversial, and the commissioner doesn't get the headlines."

Meanwhile, the Raiders seemed to enjoy the experience of what has become known as Super Week. Madden relished his press conferences, endlessly



Ott Srutank puts the collar on Fran, who lived a rough time putting Minnesota on the scoreboard.

"thanked" the press for all their kindnesses, and did his best to thank up funny things for the 11 million members of the media on hand to write and talk about.

Naturally, Oakland's George Atkinson drew considerable pregame attention. Over and over, he was grilled on his past atrocities in the secondary. For him, there was nothing unusual about his exploits. "I treat pass receivers the way you would treat a burglar in your home," he said. "What would you do?" he added, asking the question of his listeners.

"Call you," said a media wit.

The Vikings were loose, too. But it was probably easy for them to be that way, this being their fourth trip through the publicity mill the NFL has created. Bud Grant was humorous in his own quiet style. "We're the good guys this time," he pointed out.

What would be the best thing the Vikings would have going for them?

"Experience," Grant said.

And what about the rain?

"You don't have to shovel it," he said.

After the debacle, the Vikings wisely tried to maintain a very low profile. For the fourth time they looked as if they had never been in a championship game, and once again they did an injustice to the winner.

After all, as Oakland brought the American Conference its fifth straight Super Bowl championship, and eighth in

nine years, Stabler and Davis and Biletnikoff and Casper and all of those other Raider heroes couldn't have been that good. If they are, then maybe the old National Conference should apply for admission to the Ivy League.

END

How sweet it is! Monte Johnson hugs Freddie.





BLASTING OFF IN HOUSTON

The Rockets are on the rise, powered by Malone's rebounds, Lucas' rookie leadership and Nissalke's confidence

by Curry Kirkpatrick

A funny thing happened to a whole lot of Texans right in the middle of Super Bowl week. On Wednesday night more than 22,000 members of that football-crazed society paused long enough in Houston and in San Antonio to take in another kind of game. What it was, partner, was pro basketball.

In San Antonio 11,000 turned out to watch the Spurs defeat the Denver Nuggets 137-133—a *déjà vu* shootout recalling the two clubs' run-and-gun exhibitions in the late and great ABA. Two hundred miles up the trail, the Houston Rockets were in the process of a) benching all their starters in front of 11,000-plus fans; b) rallying from 18 points behind; and c) defeating the New York Knicks 108-107 with a miracle comeback led by the NBA's last left-handed Jewish guard, Dave Wohl, who d) was traded to the Nets two days later. Ah, wilderness!

For a long time Texas was, indeed, a veritable basketball wilderness, but the emergence last year of George Gervin, James Silas and their explosive friends in San Antonio gave that city some excitement besides border gang fights. And now the Rockets have become the turnaround attendance story of the year. Or, at least, the week.

Annually, Houston has had some of the best pure shooters in the league, not to mention the best pure puncher in Calvin (Baby Muhammad) Murphy, but defensive shortcomings and coaching an-

Malone's outside shot may be a one-foot slam dunk, but he and Lucas led an eight-game tear

biguities have led to failure. Financial woes have beset club president Ray Patterson ever since he left the champion Milwaukee Bucks four years ago to test his rebuilding skills in Houston. The team had passed through two owners plus a holding company before the merger, and the ABA sacrificial offering of \$700,000 to each NBA member helped save the franchise.

Moreover, the Rockets already have had a difficult time competing against the successful program at the University of Houston which, even now, showcases probably the finest backcourt player on campus in Otis Birdsong.

Who should arrive this season to, as they say, "turn it all around" but a man without a job, a man without a shot and a man without a college. They were, in order of appearance, Coach Tom Nissalke, John Lucas and Moses Malone.

April. The Rockets' Patterson hired Nissalke, one of pro sports' truly incredible survivors. It was Nissalke's sixth pro team in six years, but Patterson figured he knew his man; he had coached Nissalke as a prep at Wayland Academy in Beaver Dam, Wis., and when he became headmaster there he gave Nissalke his first coaching job.

June. Nissalke greeted Lucas, the 6' 3" guard from Maryland whom the Rockets had chosen No. 1 in the entire NBA draft. A unique selection, Lucas is the only NBA No. 1 pick in the past dozen years to be chosen for leadership and playmaking qualities rather than for shooting and scoring. Also, he is believed to be the first man to enter modern pro ball without a jump shot, Lucas' scoring power, says teammate Ed Ratleff, is "that silly one-legged pump."

October. Lucas welcomed Malone, the 6' 10" vagabond 22-year-old whom he had met during Malone's five-minute career at Maryland before Moses embarked on his journey through the pro bulrushes of big cash, big cars, two leagues and five teams. Houston was Malone's third team in one week. Nissalke, who had Malone at the Utah Stars in 1974-75, might have traded for him solely out of fear that his own wayfaring records would be shattered.

At Houston, Malone proceeded to play at times as if he had written a commandment or two on offensive rebounding. Houston began winning a whole lot of important games. Eight in a row. Three overtime games in a row. Said Patterson,

somewhat obscurely, "Getting Moses only compounded the Nissalke-Lucas-Malone syndrome." Or something.

Lucas took Malone in hand, moved him into an apartment above his own, shouted things like, "Jam that SOB, Mo!" and told him to stop stumbling all the time. In short, Lucas inspired him.

Malone still is several years away from parting the waters for Houston. He has terrible hands and his outside shot is a one-foot slam dunk. But even before the two new players became established as starters, in Houston's 18th game, they had some awesome moments.

While Cool Hand Luke had 21 points and 14 assists against Buffalo, Moses had 17 points and 18 rebounds against Washington. Lucas scored 25 points with seven assists against Detroit. Malone had 16 rebounds and seven blocked shots against Philadelphia. Houston fans would be treated to Lucas hitting nine straight shots against Washington and Malone taking down 20 rebounds against Seattle. Outrageous stuff like that. And all those big numbers led to Rocket victories.

Although Houston was in a four-defeats-in-five-games slump at week's end, the Rockets still had a 20-15 record (seventh best in the NBA). With San Antonio, they were in the thick of the Central Division battle, in which five teams—all playing over .500—were separated by only four games.

Just as significant, the Rockets and their jewel of an arena—the magnificent, 2-year-old Summit—had drawn a total of more than 40,000 for their last three home dates. Through 19 games Summit attendance stood at 158,832, which was more than the team drew in the entire 1973-74 season.

Somebody asked Nissalke what was the big difference. After he had run through the standard answers of togetherness, concentration and spirit, he was interrupted in mid-cliché with, "Where would you be without Lucas and Malone?"

"In Beaumont," said Nissalke.

The coach's contributions have been just as important. Rudy Tomjanovich, the Rockets' All-Star forward whose scoring production had fallen off last year, says, "From the beginning Tom was positive. He said we would win. He said we would be contenders at mid-season. Nobody ever told us that. He gave us discipline and direction. I've

been dying here. I wasn't growing as a player. I felt like I had handcuffs on. I'd hit four in a row and be taken out. It was like I was being conditioned to be unproductive."

This season Rudy T is averaging nearly 23 points a game, up four from last season. He gives equal credit to Lucas. "This kid came in here yelling, 'Hey, big guys, hit the glass, get downcourt, I'll get you some dunkers.'"

That a rookie would see fit to impose his personality on a troubled, veteran outfit is yet another aspect of Lucas' game. What he did was rearrange Houston's backcourt, forcing one or the other of the two excellent scoring guards out of the starting lineup, beginning with Murphy. When Murphy came back Mike Newlin had to sit down. And though both older men deny it, Lucas made them bear down and play harder. And he did it without ruffling any feathers.

"Luke can get me the ball anywhere on the floor," says Murphy, who is having his best season.

"You can't get mad at him," says Newlin. "He has such a zest for life. Lucas doesn't overwhelm you with talent. He's just smooth. He asserted himself without infringing on anybody else's space, which is really an art. He could be ramming in 40 points a game, but he'd find some way to credit the team."

For his part Lucas says it never crossed his mind not to lead. "I don't put on airs," he says. "I don't look for reactions. People just better be ready to play when they hit that floor with me."

Lucas says he knows his limitations. "I'm not going to score big in this league, or be spectacular," he says. "I'll have some bad games. [He had two pitiful ones last week against New York and Denver.] But I know how to win. I've been a leader since grade school. I've always wanted to be President of the United States. I still do."

The Rockets are probably too slow and too lame on defense to win their division, but Lucas' confidence alone sometimes seems to carry them. When Houston had a 6-5 record, the rookie went on television and blasted local doomsayers who were confidently predicting another 500 season. "As far as I'm concerned," Lucas warned, "we're going to be 77-5."

Then Houston won those eight straight. The rumblings could be heard in Beaumont.

CURE FOR AN OLYMPIAN HEADACHE

The President's Commission on Olympic Sports has produced a 600-page report that could be worth gold in Moscow

by **Kenny Moore**

In the spring of 1936, Howard K. Smith of Tulane ran 14.4 in the high hurdles at a regional qualifying meet for the Olympic Trials. "A guy beat me by two yards and I reasoned that if I was that far back in the first round, I didn't have a prayer of making the team, so I went home," recalls Smith. The guy was Forrest Towns, who in Berlin won the Olympic gold medal in 14.2. Smith went on to other pursuits, rising to anchorman on ABC's nightly news, but, perhaps because of what might have been, he continued to follow Olympic sports and this week helped present a document to President Ford which may be of vastly greater worth to the U.S. Olympic effort than any silver medal. Smith has been a key contributor to the 22-member President's Commission on Olympic Sports, which spent \$1 million and took a year and a half to analyze the entire U.S. amateur sports system. Chaired by Gerald B. Zornow, board chairman of Kodak, and directed by Mike Harrigan, formerly of the White House staff, the commission has made recommendations that seem sufficiently sound to mark a watershed in American sports history.

It is certainly a papershed. Despite the efforts of several editors, including, for a time, this writer, the two-volume report runs to 613 pages and contains studies on all 30 Olympic sports and profiles of umbrella organizations like the NCAA, AAU, U.S. Olympic Committee and high school state associations.

"It's thick all right," says swimmer-sports-caster Donna de Varona, one of the

commission's six athlete members, "but it's clear. No one has an excuse now not to understand the issues."

By all means, then, let us try. Smith, who asserts that his only talent is that of simplifying the complex, was drawn to the commission's work for reasons understandable to any fan. "American performances in international sport are deteriorating," he says—an observation confirmed by Olympic medal counts. Then, too, the U.S. record of attempting to involve large numbers in participation sport is not good. The commission report calls America's active populace "that of a rather small country, isolated within a larger, passive society.... Fifty million Americans never exercise; the number and quality of school physical education programs are declining, degenerative diseases associated with obesity and physical inactivity have reached the epidemic stage."

Nether international-class athletes, at one end of the scale, nor broad community programs, at the other, are helped by the fragmented, contentious nature of U.S. sports. "Endemic feuds between organizations bristling with sporting sovereignty," says the report, "constantly threaten athletes' rights of free competition and access to facilities.... [Because of such disputes] no clear policy in amateur sports, physical education or fitness can be maintained."

The cause of this mess, the commission decided, is essentially poor organization, abetted by a kind of traditional naiveté. Senator John C. Culver (D, Iowa), one of eight legislators on the commission, says, "This country reminds me of the substitute football player who comes stumbling, ashen, back to the bench and says, 'They're tackling out there.' International sport is important to every nation on this green earth. Of course it's getting tougher."

To figure out how to stay in the game, the commission scouted the opposition,





finding, "There are three basic modes of sports organization employed by successful sporting nations. In one, government is in control. In another, a non-governmental sports authority is in control. In the third, no one is in control. Only the U.S. uses the third method."

Noting that the myriad U.S. sports organizations—club, school, church, community and military—have never found it in their interest to combine into a truly national sports union, the commission set out to make it in their interest, and its recommendations for a Central Sports Organization are to that end.

The divisive forces in U.S. sport are strong and have resisted all efforts at reform for more than 80 years. International Olympic Committee rules limit government influence in Olympic sports, and in 1974 IOC President Lord Killanin wrote President Ford to the effect that government intervention in the affairs of the USOC or U.S. sports governing bodies (each sport has one, recognized by the appropriate international federation), could get the U.S. kicked out of the Games. As well, those historical opponents, the AAU (which is recognized as the national governing body for eight Olympic sports) and the NCAA (which governs none but is instrumental in training great numbers of Olympians) both have vested interests in the status quo, and the NCAA, for one, proved an effective lobby when sports legislation was proposed after the Munich Olympic failures. (The Amateur Athletic Act of 1974, an amalgam of bills introduced by Senators Tunney, Pearson, Cook and others, passed the Senate but died in the House at the end of the term.)

"We could see that we needed a law because of all the agreements struck in the past that didn't hold up," says Harrigan. "We had to propose a kind of structure which solved the problems without federal control and which could be supported by the majority of the athletic community."

The recommended reorganization is intriguing. If it works, it will deserve to be called elegant. It is based on the finding that the woes of the American sys-

tem are the result of three unmet needs. 1) a means of settling disputes among sports organizations over who gets international recognition as a national governing body ("franchise disputes" for short), 2) a way to get all the groups running programs in a sport equitable representation on a national governing body, and 3) a central policy-making forum to set direction and priorities and to raise money for amateur sport.

To start with, the commission took the USOC as a foundation because of the simple fact—required by IOC rules—that if a group wants to send athletes to the Olympics, it has to join the Olympic Committee. To facilitate this obligatory membership, the USOC's charter was designed as a public law, with which Congress can easily fiddle to require the few key changes suggested by the commission. One is a mandate that franchise challenges and disputes be settled by the American Arbitration Association from a set of criteria for judging how open and effective sports bodies in fact are. Says Commissioner Bud Wilkinson, "I'm convinced that once such a mechanism is in place, once the people who deserve to govern a sport really govern it, most of these petty squabbles will die away."

Unlike the present USOC, an unwieldy body made up of hundreds of organizations, the streamlined Central Sports Organization would be composed exclusively of national governing bodies, each required to have at least 20% athletes—elected by athletes—among its directors. To have any influence, other groups would have to join the governing bodies, which, in turn, would be required to admit them, with votes proportionate to the scope of their programs. Thus, if the NCAA joined the AAU Track and Field Committee, it could very likely be assured of instant control.

If the prospect of an equitable voice in national affairs fails to encourage antagonistic groups to join, the commission proposes a second carrot—new money. Estimating a one-time need for facilities and development programs of \$215 million, and an annual requirement of \$83 million above present expenditures, the

continued



OLYMPIC REPORT *continued*

report lists a number of financing schemes from which Congress may choose. Some money might come from existing federal programs, especially through a recommendation that all federal employees be made eligible for "broken-time" benefits and continuation of pay while away from the job, training or competing. Use of the federal tax form as an instrument for collecting donations to amateur sports could yield up to \$30 million a year. An excise tax on professional-sport tickets, though unlikely for political reasons, would be lucrative, as would Harrigan's favorite, commemorative coins similar to those issued by Canada to support the Montreal Olympics. "If we use silver coins and base the program on the Lake Placid Winter Olympics, the thing could gross over a billion dollars, with a net of maybe \$600 million," says Harrigan.

There are objections to all these methods. "Yeah," says Harrigan, "and they're all the same. If you let sports do it, what do you tell the Boy Scouts or the Salvation Army? That's the 'it'll open the floodgates' argument. The other is that coins or stamps or gifts from tax refunds somehow subvert the appropriations role of Congress. But there is precedent for coins—look at the Bicentennial issues—and if we want to bail out amateur sports, we have to do something, right?" Ford himself agrees. "One of these has got to fly," he says.

Reorganization, says Harrigan, will also open the private purse. "Business executives perceive amateur sports to be so beset with jurisdictional disputes and managerial incompetence that they can't stomach making donations. But when everybody is on board, there is no question industry will come, too. One company has told us, 'We give to the arts because there is a national endowment for the arts; we know all sections of the community are concerned.' Well, the Central Sports Organization will be a national endowment for sport." The expected rise in corporate aid: \$200 million.

Anticipating the consequences of a reformed structure of sport, the commission report tends to rhapsodize: "Challenges to franchises would be resolved,

the losers would join the winners under the open membership requirements and all would work together to advance their common discipline. Athletes' rights to free competition would no longer be jeopardized by jurisdictional squabbles."

But violations of athletes' rights—such aberrations as the Jack Langer case of 1969, when Yale was penalized by the NCAA for permitting Langer to play basketball in the Maccabiah Games, or the welcome received by gymnast Bart Conner when he came home to Illinois after winning a gold and two bronze medals in the 1975 Pan-American Games and his high school association ruled him ineligible for interscholastic competition because he'd been out of school for more than 10 days—these are emotional issues. "That institutions charged with advancing athletes' careers should instead stymie them seems unconscionable," reads the report. It calls for clarification of the law and binding arbitration to settle cases, and recommends that college presidents reacquire from the NCAA national headquarters the right to decide whether outside competition will harm a student's academic career. In high schools the decision should not be left to "self-appointed or self-elected state associations," but to parents consulting with teachers and coaches. Diver Micki King Hogue, another athlete-commissioner, says, "I felt a duty to all athletes on this one. Who knows what's best for the athlete better than those closest to him?"

On another subject near the athlete's heart, or wallet—that of amateurism—the commission took note of the widespread chagrin at U.S. amateurs having to compete against state-subsidized professionals, but concluded, "The hard reality is that the International Olympic Committee—preferring to keep the Olympic movement unified rather than uniform—will not suspend state-supported athletes." The commission did charge the Central Sports Organization with liberalizing U.S. rules where they are more strict than is required by international bodies, and stated, as a matter of policy, that athletes ought to be able to accept all sports-related revenues (such as endorsements or honorariums), except those offered for direct competition, thus stopping short of urging that professionals be allowed to enter the Olympics. "Since the U.S. can't debate international policy," says de Varona, "we went as far as we could realistically go." (This

Members of the commission include Mike Harrigan, its director; Olympic diver Micki King Hogue, newscaster (and onetime hurdler) Howard K. Smith and former Football Coach Bud Wilkinson

continued

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The proposed structure of the Central Sports Organization envisions a number of standing committees to carry out national policy-making in sports medicine, women's sports, in regard to the handicapped and in the many facets of developing non-scholastic sport. "This is what fires my interest," says Howard K. Smith. "Sixty percent of U.S. youth aren't exposed to sport because of our peculiar way of tying sports opportunity to college dollars. I want to create an agency outside the colleges, to raise the opportunities for all ages and vocations."

The chances of these heady reforms coming to pass are difficult to assess at the moment. Harrigan worked closely with all the sports organizations in developing the commission's strategy and expects little outcry, except from the NCAA and the high school state associations, over the strong athletes' rights guarantees. Faced with two thick, unread volumes, Tom Hansen of the NCAA national office said, "The NCAA Council has changed its thinking considerably over the last months, so I can't really speak for them, even generally." That is far from apoplectic opposition, although Hansen went on to say that the NCAA's experience with HEW's enforcement of Title IX has soured it on government intrusion into its backyard.

The AAU, which stands to lose the most by the terms of a proposed requirement that all sports national governing bodies be autonomous, received the report serenely. President Joel Ferrell said, "We've been going that way on our own. Nor do we have any real difficulty with a fair mechanism to achieve open membership. There still is a need for the AAU as an administrative service."

Colonel F. Don Miller, executive director of the USOC, whose organization chart is hacked to pieces by the proposals, says calmly, "My understanding at this point is that the report is consistent with the thrust of our own restructuring, which has been going on since 1974. The bill of rights for athletics, the use of the American Arbitration Association, the idea of vertical structure with all programs belonging to their sport's national governing body—all these are well along, anyway." Miller would prefer to see a

continued

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separate foundation chartered to handle the financing, in order to have the carrot-money in hand as soon as possible to coax broad membership. "That's crucial," he says, "but I'm sure Congress will look into it."

The man who commissioned the report—Gerald Ford—supports all its recommendations, finding it "astonishing" that many U.S. amateur rules are more strict than they have to be, and being "shocked" by the Conner case. "The need is clear," he told Harrigan. "We won't let the matter drop now."

Yet Ford will receive the report a week before departing the Oval Office. Even if he leaves the book open on the desk, Jimmy Carter is likely to cover it with economic blueprints and rediscover it sometime next fall. Says Smith, "This new administration is pledged to reform the whole government. And both foreign and domestic tranquility depend on stimulating the economy." That leaves the sports proposal, despite the assurance of Walter Wurfel, press officer of Carter's transition team, that "it's not going to fall between the chairs," between the chairs.

The thoroughness and thoughtfulness of the commission report, coupled with the advocacy of its Congressional members, may well give its proposals a life of their own, regardless of administration support. Senator Ted Stevens (R., Alaska), a member of the commission and newly elected assistant minority leader in the Senate, is impressed both by the report and its chances of ending up as law. "This was a hardworking commission, which came up with sound, well-reasoned recommendations," he says.

"The role played by the athletic members was unique. I think they were crucial to the understanding of the members from business, education and the government. A strong report means that those of us in the Congress are not asking our colleagues to take a high dive and vote on something unfamiliar to them. Dick Stone (D., Florida, also a commission member) and I are on the Commerce Committee, where I'm sure this legislation will be sent. Early in this Congress we will ask for its consideration. We have good help from Jack Kemp (R., New York) and Ralph Metcalfe (D., Illinois) on the House side. These are achievable recommendations, really. I believe the commission has laid the basis for a profound change for the better in U.S. amateur sports."

END

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A ROCKET RIDE TO GLORY AND GLOOM

When Kitty O'Neil broke the women's land-speed record by 200 mph, it was a certainty she could beat the men's mark, too... and that was the problem

by COLES PHINIZY

One day last month on the Alvord Desert, a barren clay flat beneath a bog lonely mountain in southeast Oregon, Kitty O'Neil, a 28-year-old pariah, half-Cherokee lady from Corpus Christi, squirmed into the cockpit of a narrow rocket-powered three-wheeled vehicle called the Motivator. Although Kitty O'Neil stands only 5' 3" and weighs 97 pounds, her entry into the machine was a minor victory in itself, because the cockpit of the Motivator is barely large enough to accommodate an expectant baboon. Once properly wedged in, lying semi-supine with her head barely higher than her feet, Kitty gave the foot throttle two quick taps, and the engine responded, first with a gurgle and then a flutulent snort, throwing out a cloud of vapor.

Thirty feet from the rumbling car, Bill Fredrick, the Californian who designed and built it, began a 10-second count-down. Because Kitty is totally deaf, an assistant, Stan Schwanz, relayed the count to her by hand signals. When Schwanz signaled "zero," Kitty said a short prayer, depressed the throttle and kept it down. During a sliver of a second the howling machine stood motionless, as if stuck in time. In the next instant it was gone, a shrinking blur lost in its own trailing noise.

For one second after she blasted off, the force of acceleration pushed Kitty's guts gently back against her lungs, but except for this minor discomfort, the ride was a smooth one. Within five seconds she was going 180 mph. In 15 seconds she was a mile down the course, doing 500. Five seconds later she was going 200 mph faster than any landbound woman had traveled before, reaching a speed of about 600 mph and clocking 514.710 through a one-kilometer speed trap.

The international rules for land-speed attempts require the driver to complete a second run in the opposite direction through the same timing trap within two hours. There was almost an hour to spare when Kitty streaked back through the same kilometer in 4.375 seconds (only 24 thousandths of a second slower than her first run) for a two-way average speed of 512.710 mph.

Way back in 1954, in the pre-down of the Space Age, Lieut. Colonel John Paul Stapp rode a rocket-powered sled on rails 632 mph to test the effects of rapid acceleration and deceleration. Stapp survived, although he almost lost both eye-

balls in the abrupt process of slowing down. (The Air Force had also subjected a trained ape to similar rides. When offered a banana as inducement before one wild run, the ape hit its handler over the head with it.) Stapp's 632 mph is still the highest terminal speed reliably recorded on land, although at least one man has surely exceeded it. The official world mark for a two-way run is 630.388 mph, set Oct. 23, 1970 on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flat by Gary Gabelich, a Southern Californian who dropped out of the space program in favor of a drag racing career. In the middle of his final run, the needle of Gabelich's airspeed indicator edged past 650.

Today, when the gaudy antics of Evel Knievel and his imitators demeritate the scene, the feats of men like Stapp and Gabelich have low cash value, and the heroes themselves are fast forgotten. On those counts, Kitty O'Neil is a worthy newcomer to the 600-mph club. She drove the Motivator to a new women's record without monetary reward or so much as a banana as an inducement. As a result of her record-breaking run, she will reap, at best, a modest bundle from various endorsements and promotions—probably enough to keep her laughing halfway to the bank.

If her fame becomes short-lived as that of Stapp and Gabelich, Kitty is not the sort to worry. She has been tempered in adversity since childhood, and she now prospers in obscurity. She was born deaf but, tutored by a persistent mother, she learned to lip-read and speak well enough to attend regular classes before she completed grade school. She was a promising three-meter and platform diver in the early '60s, despite being crippled by spinal meningitis, and in the years since, she has survived cancer thanks to two operations. Until she drove the Motivator, probably not one in 100,000 people would have known her by face or name, although as a stunt woman standing in for Lee Grant, Lisa Blount and other actresses, in the past year she has had more public exposure than Knievel.

Remember how a bad guy had Lana Wood hanging out a sixth-story window in an episode of *Baretta*? Remember how Pamela Bellewood and Lee Grant struggled to keep their heads above water in

continued

Designer Bill Fredrick and husband Duffy Hamblin cheer Kitty after her 512.710 mph run



a sinking jetliner in *Airport '77*? Remember Lisa Blount being set on fire during a graveyard scene in the movie *9/30/55*? Well, Kitty O'Neil was the lady actually being mauled, drowned and burned.

Kitty got to drive the Motivator because some years earlier she had made the right connections in Hollywood. In 1970, while racing motorcycles in cross-country events, she met and married a one-time bank vice-president, Duffy Hambleton, who, realizing he was a jock at heart, had quit banking to become a stunt man. After several years living on an orange ranch serving as a housewife and a mother to Duffy's two children by a previous marriage, Kitty decided she wanted to get back into some kind of action herself. Duffy spent two years teaching her the survival techniques of his profession, and last March she joined him in Stunts Unlimited, a cooperative association that includes many of the best daredevils.

Through her husband, Kitty met Bill Fredrick, who earns his living developing devices that stunt men use to make smash action scenes ever more smashing. When a movie or TV director wants a bit of eye-stopping action like, say, a cute blonde

being thrown through the roof of a speeding sedan, he phones Fredrick. After putting data through a few electronic abuses and computers and mentally digesting the output, Fredrick reports back that to blast a blonde of X weight Y feet into the air through a car roof that fractures under Z stress requires such-and-such an explosive charge. Describing his particular genius, Fredrick says simply, "If you want to go up in the air, I can show you how and tell you exactly where you will land." After attending a high school that saturated him with mathematics, Fredrick had one year of engineering at UCLA before quitting to support his family. For 10 years he prospered as owner of a chain of meat markets, then after going bankrupt trying to expand his empire, he decided to devote himself to his hobby—high-speed cars.

In the early '60s, when he still enjoyed solvency as a butcher baron, Fredrick pioneered thrust-drive in land machines. A creation of his called *Valkyrie*, driven by Gabelich, was one of the first jet cars to compete on drag strips. In that day the world record stood at 394.20 mph, and *Valkyrie* might have beaten it, but because of its jet thrust, the car was viewed with distrust and not allowed to

try at Bonneville. Another Fredrick car, *Courage of Australia*, and its driver, John Passon, were the first licensed for rocket-powered exhibition runs by the National Hot Rod Association.

Considering the occupations of Fredrick, its creator, and Kitty O'Neil, its driver, the achievement of the Motivator can literally be called a Hollywood production, but to dismiss it as a show-biz stunt is no more honest historically than to describe Columbus' first Atlantic crossing as a gimmick to promote Caribbean package tours. The record run of the Motivator was a proper venture into the unknown by two people who have been contending with relentless physical fact most of their lives.

Back in the days when land-speed records were set in ponderous cars powered by reciprocating engines, the problems were multifold but, in the main, well understood. The exorbitant forces required to move those bromosaurian machines of yore taxed pistons and rods and transmissions and tore rubber off tires in chunks. The *Sunbeam Slog*, in which, in 1927, Sir Henry Segrave was the first to exceed 200 mph, weighed 3½ tons. The *Bluebird*, in which, in 1935, Sir Malcolm Campbell first surpassed 300 mph, weighed almost

Diminutive in comparison to previous land speed vehicles and drivers, the "Motivator" and 87-pound Kitty O'Neil blasted across Oregon's Alvord Desert.



five tons. Even the two jet-powered *Spirit of Americas*, in which Craig Breedlove pushed the record past 400, then 500 and 600, weighed about four tons each. Without fuel, the *Motivator* weighs a scant ton and a half and has a frontal area of less than 10 square feet.

Whereas the piston engines of the past were in essence an orchestration of many exquisite parts moving at high speed in various directions, the most critical moving part in the power train of the *Motivator* is the throttle valve that allows pressurized liquid hydrogen peroxide to flow back through a catalytic pack and, by its rapid decomposition and expansion, propel the car. It is the sort of pure machine that most archconservationists would approve of, although penny-pinchers might be appalled by the cost per mile. When the *Motivator* takes off for the horizon, the only wastes it expels are water vapor and oxygen, but in the process of retaining these components to the atmosphere, it uses hydrogen peroxide the way Niagara Falls uses water. A 600-mph run consumes about 100 gallons—in cash terms, one quick five-mile trip costs about \$1,000. The piston-powered monsters used to romp to records on less than \$20 worth of gas.

The *Blue Flame*, in which Gabelich raised the record to 630.388 mph, was rocket-powered like the *Motivator*, but weighed more than twice as much and, more significant, had far greater frontal area. Compared to all the other record-breakers in the last 50 years, the *Motivator* is truly a lightweight, a mere needle thrusting toward the sonic barrier—and there's the rub. The heavier, slower machines of the past rarely took off into the air unless impelled by some failure that occurred while their wheels were still touching the ground. Nobody knows how land machines will behave as they approach the transonic zone, but becoming airborne is a considerable risk. Because the pressure of air drops as its speed increases, Craig Breedlove designed a velocity tunnel under its fore section to help hold down his second jet car, *Spirit of America, Sonic I*. But when he got above 550 mph, the air stream in the tunnel was approaching sonic velocity and generated a reverse lifting effect. When Gabelich reached peak speed in the *Blue Flame*, only 350 pounds of the car's total weight of 6,500 were on the front wheels. The air spinning off the tires chopped small holes in the hard Bonneville salt.

Before Kitty O'Neil traveled more than a few cautious miles in the *Motivator*, Paxson, the rocket-car veteran, made four test runs in it at El Mirage Dry Lake in California, and one at Bonneville. On the Bonneville try, Paxson attained a speed of 360 mph, but before he had passed midpoint in the timing trap, the car veered dangerously off the course, missing a protruding pipe by four feet. On her only run at Bonneville, Kitty topped out at about 300 mph, but wandered all over the course.

After the *Motivator* was bench-tested and remeasured, Fredrick concluded that its habit of wandering was not an inherent fault but had been caused by the slick and badly degraded course at Bonneville. As a result, the record attempt was shifted to the Alvord Desert, a dry lake bed that was once restricted as an emergency landing strip by the Air Force.

In the past 70 years there has rarely been a land-speed car that performed as flawlessly as the *Motivator* did at Alvord. On Dec. 3, Kitty O'Neil made one short orientation run, peaking out at a little more than 300 mph. The next day she averaged better than 300 on three runs through the kilometer trap. On the third day she twice exceeded 400, and on the

continued





The LSR attempt halted. Duffy consoles Kitty.

fourth she pushed the record beyond 500. For her fastest run, she was still using just 60% of the car's power, and suffered only about 1.5 Gs during acceleration—modest punishment, indeed. From zero to 600 mph and back down to zero, she never deviated from the center line of the course by more than three feet. The only flaw in the car's predicted performance was hardly expected and from a safety standpoint might be considered a blessing: as the Motivator sped down the track expending more than 50 pounds of fuel every second, it became nose-heavy as it got lighter instead of trying to fly. To the point where its all-metal front wheel was making a half-inch rut in the clay. There is no doubt that by dialing in more power—giving herself a harder kick in the ramp, as it were—Kitty could have gone still faster, past Gabelch's record and possibly across the same barrier.

Why didn't she press on? She could not because of the strange assortment of kibitzers who got in her way. The Motivator was ready to run by the last week in October. In the closing days of their presidential campaign, neither Gerald Ford nor Jimmy Carter saw fit to comment on the Motivator's prospects, but a great many lesser folk butted into the act, waving the banners of various causes and shooting from the hip like partisans in an oldtime Mexican uprising.

Whereas Democratic Governor Robert Straub of Oregon favored the record

attempt, Republican Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon opposed it, fearing that such motorized antics might harm "unique natural life." (According to the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, which oversees the area, the Alvord Desert has no life of any kind.) Several Oregon newspapers editorialized against the attempt. A very small band of nature lovers, known as the Oregon High Desert Study Group, objected to the record attempt, citing among other concerns that spectators might harm the vegetation fringing the 11-by-5½-mile desert, and that the noise might affect wildlife on higher ground more than two miles from where the car ran. (When Kitty made her record run, there were 50 people on hand, counting crewmen, press and officials. As for noise, every year, thunder accompanying cloud bursts gives the distant high ground a harder pounding than the Motivator ever could with its 20-second bursts, and so do the Air Force F-111's that sweep over the clay flat at 2,000 to 5,000 feet three or four times a month in VFR training.)

Although their fears verged on the frivolous, the Oregon High Desert Studiers were joined in their protest by the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the Sierra Club. At one point, a lawyer representing the two groups said his clients had no objection to the running, but the Oregon High Desert Studiers subsequently reneged and, represented by another lawyer, filed an objection with the Land Appeals Board in Washington. By the time this double-dealing was cleared up, the best weeks of November were gone and the first snow was overdue.

Under a contract for which Duffy paid \$20,000 to get her the ride, Kitty O'Neil was only supposed to drive the Motivator to a new women's record. By similar contract, for which Marvin Glass and Associates, a Chicago toy-development concern, paid \$25,000, Hal Needham, a colleague of Kitty's in Stunts Unlimited, was slated to try for the men's record and, it was hoped, break the sonic barrier. As a stunt man, Needham has few peers, if any. Since he was a teenager, he has had a penchant for the improbable. When he was in the 82nd Airborne and moonlighting with a thrill show on weekends, he tried coming down under 28 one-foot-diameter pilot chutes that he had bundled up in a bed sheet. After plummeting like a crated piano for several seconds, he pulled his reserve. His

most notable film stunt of recent date was a rocket-propelled flight 128 feet across a gorge in a pickup truck.

Marvin Glass and Associates had developed a toy line featuring Needham and had sold it to Gabriel Industries, a New York company best known for its toy subsidiaries, Gilbert and Kohner. Counting promotional expenses and whatnot, Glass spent more than \$75,000 for Needham to drive the Motivator (which he has yet to do, even under tow at 60 mph).

While ostensibly serving as pilot of the Motivator, Needham was also busy directing and editing a movie that he had written. Playing a variety of parts in a single season may be the Hollywood style, but a land-speed attempt is simply not the kind of specialty act that fits well with any other. It demands a singular, almost masochistic devotion. In the long and frustrating history of record attempts, there is proof enough on that count. Sir Malcolm Campbell once groused around Daytona Beach for a full month waiting for the right turn of the weather and swing of the moon to get him enough sand to squeeze a few more miles per hour from his machine. Gabelch spent five weeks at Bonneville in 1970, and 10 minutes after he had set the world record, rain came, closing the course down until late summer.

It was Needham's further misconception that he could hop in the car on short notice and blast off for the record—or die in the attempt. Such an attitude is perhaps acceptable in the movie business, where if one stunt man is killed while demolishing a sedan and a retake is needed, another man and sedan can be hired, but the Motivator is one of a kind. It cost over \$350,000, and there are more than 30 sponsors who would be very mad if Needham tottered it in one slapdash try for a record.

Needham maintains that he was ready to go with the car on 24-hour notice, and never got such an alert. Fredrick maintains that because he was already out of money and a cold front was heading for Oregon, threatening to close out the course for the next seven months, there was no time to run Needham up through the pears. That being the case, Fredrick saw no choice but to go all the way with Kitty.

The day after Kitty set the women's record, the car was being prepared for her to break Gabelch's record when

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Fredrick got several phone calls from afar reminding him that he had a binding contract to let Needham try for the mark. So Kitty came out of the driver's seat and became a symbol of wronged womanhood across the land—not an ordinary run-of-the-mill wronged woman, mind you, but, as the press reported with some license, a deaf Indian lass, a housewife and mother of two. The Portland Oregonian, one of the papers that had opposed the record attempt, had earlier reported that Kitty was Hal Needham's wife, thereby making the contretemps look like a typical case of Hollywood hub-by jealous spouse was getting more ink. To make matters worse, in the midst of the turmoil, John Rusdewagen—a Chicago public-relations man paid to promote Needham and maintain a low profile for Marvin Glass and Associates—was falsely quoted as saying that it would be "degrading" for a woman to hold the record. As a consequence, Marvin Glass and Associates lost their low profile, and Needham got a number of phone calls accusing him of being a male chauvinist pig and worse. Two weeks later Gabriel Industries was saying they did not want any publicity on their line of Hal Needham toys. Thus it was that an enterprise of great pith and moment fast went to pot.

The day after Kitty was pulled from the driver's seat, a strong, cold wind swept the Alvord Desert, wiping out the Motivator's tracks and sending large balls of tumbleweed across the barren ground in a ghostly dance. By nightfall it was snowing.

The Bureau of Land Management experts who have had to contend with such things over the years maintain that in view of the opposition that is inevitable and all the time it will take for lawyers and lesser kibitzers to gnaw over the issues, it will be a year, maybe two, before the Motivator can get clearance to run again on the Alvord Desert. To salvage something from the debacle, Fredrick hopes this spring to run the Motivator, with Needham aboard, for the quarter-mile acceleration record on some small desert that can accommodate a modest run-out in one direction. To subject such a talented machine to this petty challenge is rather like casting Richard Burton to play the part of Yorick's skull in an off-Broadway production of Hamlet. But then, as they say in show biz, a little ink is better than none.

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SHOT OF LEMONS TO CURE THE BLUES

If you're in need of a few laughs, stick around Basketball Coach Abe Lemons. If you're in need of a few wins, as the University of Texas was when it hired him last April, Abe will be happy to provide those, too **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Basketball fans in the Mississippi State gym at Starkville a few weeks ago were puzzled to see University of Texas Guard Jim Krivacs begin the game by approaching the free-throw line backwards to shoot a technical foul that had been called against the home team for dunking the ball during the warmup.

Granted, Texas had not been famous for the excellence of its basketball pro-

gram. But surely Krivacs, raised in Indiana, knew which way to face. In the stands, people waited for someone—possibly the coach—to shout a reminder from the Texas bench: “No, no, Krivacs! Turn around, lad! You’re confused!”

Instead, the Texas coach was urging Krivacs to take the shot backwards. Krivacs bounced the ball a couple of times and flung it back over his head in the di-

rection of the basket. He missed. The Texas coach nodded in satisfaction.

That was how Abe Lemons, who took over at Texas this season, chose to protest the dunk rule.

“The rule that you can dunk the ball in a game but not in a warmup is just plain silly,” Lemons said later. “When the technical was called, I asked our guys for volunteers to shoot the foul backwards. They all volunteered—I picked Krivacs because he’s the smallest.”

The fact that Mississippi State—one of the top teams in the powerful Southeastern Conference—went on to beat the lowly Longhorns by only two points did not shake Lemons’ belief that he and Krivacs had done the right thing.

Giving away a point to protest a rule would be odd behavior for most coaches. But a great many things Abe Lemons does are so peculiar that his peers often speak of him with a kind of amused wonderment, telling stories about him far into the night.

There is one thing Lemons does, though, that prevents him from being regarded as nuts. He wins.

Back in November, a few hours before his debut as the head basketball coach at the University of Texas, A (for nothing) E (for nothing) Lemons confessed that on the previous day he had been visited by despair. Despair, as it turned out, looked like a tall man in his early 50s, wearing boots, a brown plaid suit with leather trim, and a purple necktie—exactly like Abe Lemons, in other words. Abe said he had wrestled with this mirror of despair, and then he woke up this morning and looked life in the eye and decided to keep on playing the game anyhow.

Abe had been hired to transform the Texas basketball team into the sort of exciting, high-scoring teams he had coached at Oklahoma City University and Pan American for the past 26 years.

“But yesterday was the lowest I have sunk in my career,” Abe said. “There are players on this team who are not even interested in basketball. One afternoon I told them to do wind sprints, and one of

When the game is over and Texas has won—or lost—Lemons settles down to a barrage of one-liners



them said he didn't want to. I said, 'O.K., you go stand over there.' I asked who else didn't want to do wind sprints. Three of my starters walked over and stood with the guy.

"I thought that was bad," Abe said. "But yesterday they were so apathetic that I chased them off the court and went home. I got to thinking about a coach I know who asked permission to hire two assistants. He hired a psychiatrist and a hairdresser. After six months the psychiatrist went crazy. The hairdresser is still on the job. One of my players this year, his sweat is so rare it'll cure cancer. Another of my guys has worn out five pairs of shoes already, just from stumbling."

By now Abe had started to grin. He scraped the hair away from his forehead and brushed cigar ashes out of his lap. "I've got a trick tonight," he said. "My plays are devised to get a guy open for a shot. But my guys don't like to shoot when they're open. They only like to shoot if they can jump and twist. Tonight the plays are changed, so the shooter will be almost open but not quite. Maybe my guys can throw some of them rusty shots into the bucket."

Before that night, the last time Abe had been involved in a game at Gregory Gym in Austin was when he was the coach of Oklahoma City University. In 18 years at OCU, Lemons' teams won 308 games (and lost 179), led the nation in scoring three times, produced seven All-Americans, competed in seven NCAA playoffs and twice went to the NIT. In that previous visit to Austin, OCU had rushed to a 3-17 deficit and Abe had been hit with a third technical foul and ordered off the floor. Abe was finishing his No. 1 Combination Dinner at El Rancho, a Mexican restaurant, when he learned OCU had won the game.

In February 1975 Lemons took his Pan American team to Denver, was hit with two quick technicals and left the arena without waiting for the third. Pan American won that game, extending what turned out to be a 16-game winning streak on the road in seven states.

Pan American had a 20-5 record last season, was fourth in the nation in scoring with a 95-point average and had the country's leading scorer in Marshall Rogers (36.8). Pan American is located in Edinburg, Texas, far down in the Rio Grande Valley, near the Mexican border. The closest large city is San Antonio, 275 miles away. Pan American must

be willing to play on the road, where fortune seldom roots for the traveler. "Booking home games was like trying to get people to play us on Gilligan's Island," Lemons says.

Pan American won four games the season before Lemons took over in 1973. (It was 55-16 when Lemons left.) Abe was paid more than double the \$14,000 yearly salary he had risen to at OCU. Recruiting all over the country, and having an outspoken aversion to cheating and no loot to offer anyhow, it was a challenge to Abe's charm and shrewdness to persuade players from Kentucky or Indiana that they could profit themselves by performing at Pan American University in Edinburg, Texas.

OCU and Pan American being impoverished compared to the major universities, Lemons never could afford to devise a system and then find the players to fit it. He looked for players with flair and bent his plans to take advantage of what was on hand.

As a result, many of Abe's players were great shooters, but had only a nodding acquaintance with defense; as long as they kept hitting the basket, Abe felt the team had a good chance to win. One night last year, when Marshall Rogers was being even more deficient than usual on defense, Lemons told him, "You can just rest on defense, Rogers. Help us as much as you can, but don't get in the way." However, if a player's particular flair began to dim, Lemons might suggest reviving it, as he did one evening with Pan American Center Mike Hart. "Congratulations, Hart," Abe said to him at halftime. "In the first half you got one more rebound than a dead man would have gotten."

Abe has had luck putting patches on Arnoldo (Pizza) Vera, who quit his job at a Pizza Hut in Edinburg to try out for the team, scored at the buzzer last year to enable Pan American to beat Georgia State 64-62 in Atlanta. The next morning Lemons read in the paper that "a chubby substitute led to Georgia State's downfall." Said Abe, "Tonight, he is going to be a chubby starter against Georgia Tech." Pizza Vera did not score a point against Georgia Tech, but Pan Am's guards got 63 and Vera helped to set the picks as Pan Am won 80-73.

If a team can win games while its coach is eating Tex-Mex food or trudging against a cold Denver wind, it follows in Abe's mind that a team has its own make-

up and doesn't need a lot of advice from him on how to behave. On the road, Abe's teams have no curfew, no blackboard meetings and no required meals. He tells them at what hour they are to be suited up—he prefers that his teams dress at the hotel rather than in some strange locker room—and in warmups he lets them practice whatever the players decide they want to.

Pan American arrived four days early in Las Vegas last year, and all Lemons told the players was to show up in time for the game. Pan Am lost 109-95 to a Nevada-Las Vegas team that had beaten Michigan. But in Abilene, Abe told his players they were on a reverse curfew. Nobody could go to bed in the motel before 10 p.m., and Abe would, by God, check to make sure.

His halftime responses are unpredictable. In an NIT game against Duke at Madison Square Garden, Lemons made OCU stay on the floor during halftime and scrimmage, shirts vs. skins. Or at halftime he may take his team into the locker room and silently brood, or he may tell tales of his childhood in Oklahoma, or he may bring in a magician to do tricks, or he may attend to tactics, or he may scream at his players.

If he is truly bored or frustrated, Abe will skip practice. He might play golf. In Austin, Abe and his wife, Betty Jo, live in a house in a country-club development called Onion Creek, which has a tight, short course; Abe claims he once found 18 balls on a single hole.

"I tell my players, 'Listen, if you miss practice tell me the truth about it the way I do,'" he said. "'Don't tell me you had swine flu or were trapped in an elevator. Tell me you were sick of basketball for a day, or were swamped by life, or whatever the truth happens to be. I understand those things.'"

With three hours to go before his University of Texas coaching debut, Lemons walked to the blackboard in his office in Belmont Hall, a 12-story building tucked into the football stadium. He picked up a piece of chalk and drew swooping arrows on a blackboard to demonstrate a basketball lesson he feared his players hadn't learned.

"But if you do come to practice, you shouldn't waste everybody's time," he told them. "You should try to learn what we're up to." When he arrived at Texas, Lemons chose what he thought were the five best all-round players from last year's

continued

9-17 Longhorn team and the available newcomers. "Our first five have possibilities," he said. "A freshman, two sophomores and two juniors. But you really need eight players to have a strong team. Our first five are going to look like they've got loobones on their backs by the second half."

Lemons is in demand as an after-dinner speaker. Two months ago he spoke at the Notre Dame basketball banquet. The week before his coaching debut at Texas, he was master of ceremonies at the Longhorn Hall of Honor dinner. The inductions were held in a banquet room of an Austin motel. Down the hall to the west of the motel shone the lights of Memorial Stadium, where that night an ABC-TV crew was rehearsing for the following night's Texas-Arkansas football game, which was to be televised to the nation.

One of those inducted into the Hall of Honor was Darrell Royal, who several days later would resign as football coach but remain as athletic director. Royal had brought Abe's name before the Athletic Council. Royal and Lemons are about the same age and both were born in small towns in Oklahoma. Lemons is president of the American Basketball Coaches Association (his assistant, Barry Dowd, formerly head basketball coach at the University of Texas-Arlington, is vice-president and will succeed him next year). Royal has been president of the comparable organization as football. Royal says college athletic recruiters ought to be willing to take lie detector tests. Lemons agrees. Books of Royal's country-sage epigrams have been published. Abe's remarks are printed all over the world.

The University of Texas football team is usually in the nation's Top Ten. The basketball team is never considered among the nation's elite. SWC teams seldom make the Top 20—though Arkansas is currently mentioned in the AP poll. Explanations are plentiful. Eight SWC teams compete for talent in one state that also has dozens of basketball teams that do well at different NCAA levels and in the NAIA. The Texas high school athletic governing board has a rule that forbids high school players from taking part in basketball summer camps or amateur league games after freshman year. The first black basketball player in the Southwest Conference was James Cash, now a professor at the Harvard Business

School. He played for TCU only 10 seasons ago.

Another explanation is that in the Southwest Conference athletic emphasis is on football, and the other sports must take the scraps—or necks and wings, as Darrell would put it.

"That's stupid," Royal says. "At Texas we've had national champions in baseball and golf and track. It would be a feather in my cap as athletic director for Texas to have a big-time basketball team. As football coach, would I have such ego and insecurity that I'd be afraid a great

enough to hear the trains go past. "I might have been the world's first hippie," Lemons said one day not long ago. "I was barefoot, the seat was torn out of my bristles, I had long hair and I rode a girls' bicycle. When you're little and poor in a small town and have to ride a girls' bike, you develop a sense of humor."

His mother bestowed the initials "A" and "E" upon him rather than given names. "Mama didn't realize we were ever going to have Social Security or a war, where I'd have to have a name," Abe says. His fifth-grade teacher called him Abe. Looking back, he sees how easily he could have changed it to Ace. He flunked eighth-grade English. On the second try he had grown tall and the basketball team drew him. After four years in the merchant marine, in 1950 Abe graduated from OCU where he was a forward, became head basketball coach there in 1955 and turned out a 20-7 team the next season.

Ambitious young coaches like Eddie Sutton at Arkansas have moved into the SWC with dreams of lifting teams to the level of the Big Ten or the ACC. Then there are ambitious older coaches like 42-year-old Shelby Mescall of Texas A&M, who lost two players and two scholarships for a season because of recruiting sins exposed after a written complaint by Leon Black, Abe Lemons' predecessor at Texas.

Black's own ambitions were thwarted in part by the necessity for playing home games in 45-year-old Gregory Gym, which holds about 7,500 people elbow to elbow and is located well onto the campus, from which public parking is barred. Gregory Gym has so many lines for different sports painted on the floor that knowing which ones are out-of-bounds is a home-court advantage. The old gym provides a close-up, vivid, noisy, sweat-splattered, shot-screaming view of the game, but it is not what a star recruit would call glamorous.

Next season the Texas basketball team will move into the new \$35 million Special Events Center, nicknamed the Super Drum, at the south edge of the campus, a few blocks from the state capital buildings' parking lots, which are vacant after dark. The Super Drum was paid for out of the university's oil-lease money and will be rented for carousels, ice shows, pop concerts and similar events as well as to the Texas basketball team. Former Chair-

HE SAID IT

- *"A couple of alumni came by to see me the other day and offered to buy up my contract, but I didn't have change for a twenty."*
- *"I'm going to Kentucky and Indiana to recruit a couple of prospects. That's a 900-mile trip and I have to act as if I just happened to drop in."*
- *"I'd rather be a football coach. That way you can only lose 11 games a year."*
- *On how to solve recruiting problems: "Just give every coach the same amount of money and tell him he can keep what's left over."*
- *On his part man-to-man, part zone that allowed 52 points in one half: "It's called the sieve."*
- *Explaining why he does not have curfews: "It's always your star who gets caught."*
- *On whether the baskers should be raised to 12 feet: "I think we ought to cut a hole in the floor, instead. That way we could recruit midgets. 'Hi, there, little fella, want a Cadillac?'"*

basketball program would put me in the shade?"

Royal said he has admired Abe's style for a long time. Darrell called Abe in Edinburg to offer him the job. Abe returned the call from a truck stop in Waurin, Okla. "Where are you really?" Darrell said.

Darrell was born in Hollis. Abe was born in Walters. They scratched through the Great Depression and World War II. Darrell admits he was poor as dirt. Abe says that while he was not from the wrong side of the tracks in Walters, he was close



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man of the Board of Regents Frank Erwin, his close friend Jack Gray (ex-Texas basketball All-America, ex-Texas basketball head coach) and engineers and architects toured arenas around the country. They asked Leon Black for his ideas.

But then Black quit as basketball coach. Although he remains at the university in the athletic department, Black decided to get out of basketball last season after he wrote the Southwest Conference a letter that "requested there be an investigation" of Texas A&M. When the Aggies' punishment was announced, Black admitted he had written a letter, he did not know whether or not it was the only such letter. Cries of "snatch" swept his life like a typhoon. Super Drum or not, Leon Black knew when he had had enough.

At the Longhorn Hall of Honor dinner, Lemons was introduced as "the man who's gonna turn us around." Abe started off with some commiserating humor about the physical wounds suffered by the Texas football team this year. Then he told about the night he asked a basketball official, "Is it a technical if I go on the court and punch my player in the nose?" He said the official replied, "If I was you, I'd lure him over to the sideline. But I'd sure do something to him."

Abe said college players had changed since he started coaching. "It's got to where now if you say hello to a player he's liable to show up the next day in your office with his feet on your desk. He's 19 years old and he says, 'Coach, I'm not happy.' I wave my hand at him like it's magic and say, 'Happiness to you.' This kid grew up on Walt Disney. He's looking for a shortcut. Sometimes it'll happen that a kid'll want to know why you're not playing him, and you'll have to say, 'Well, the truth is I don't like you, don't like your parents, don't like your hometown, thought I did but I don't.'"

After the banquet Royal was laughing about some of the things Abe had said. "I think Abe will bring us a winner," Darrell said. "Abe he's the kind of person who can fill up those 17,000 basketball seats."

Lemons took a pay cut to move to Austin, but he smoothed that with a TV show that he hunted for himself. On the show he may be seen in an orange leisure suit and white necktie in a chair before a backdrop that says ABE in orange lights

inside a circle of white lights. The show includes films and comment and an interview on the order of Lemons and USC Coach Bob Boyd discussing the way re-raising is conducted.

And Abe might tell about the time his player, James Washington, got a tooth knocked out in a game at Las Vegas. Abe ran onto the floor and picked up the tooth—first time he had seen a whole tooth, he said—and took it to the scorers' table and said, "Hey, some places this would be a foul." A dentist jumped down from the stands and said he could save Washington's tooth with immediate action at his office. As Abe tells it, the assistant coach replied, "We need him."

"Well, what it really means is it's tough to survive in the coaching business," Lemons says. "They call some guys great coaches who are great at scheduling and cheating. I'm no policeman, but I'm not going to let a hypocrite beat me if I can help it."

At 7:30 p.m. on Nov. 29, the public address announcer at Gregory Gym identified Abe Lemons to the crowd of 5,000 as the new basketball coach at Texas. Up in the stands, Darrell and Edith Royal clapped. In the opening minutes, Abe looked reluctant to watch the game, which was against Oklahoma State, but by the second half he was agitated and yelling amidst the cheering students and the boom and slish-slosh of the action.

Texas led early, lost the lead toward the end, tied the score in the final seconds and won 74-73 in overtime. Hoarse and trembling, Abe trooped upstairs with the players to their tiny dressing room. Royal came in and shook his hand. "I didn't know what to expect," Abe gasped. "Looking back, I guess they had to play better than I thought they would."

Well into the season, with a 4-5 record, most of the games close and two decided in overtime, Abe began to speak as if he were selling seats in the Super Drum. "We're our own worst enemy in the Southwest Conference," he said. "We keep telling people we're not as bad as they think. We act defensive. But those Eastern teams won't play 100 miles from home. If they'd play down here on a regular basis, you'd find they're not all that good. Sutton over at Arkansas says he's got 13 major-college prospects on his roster. Not many schools in the country can make that claim."

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The Heels are really clicking

Led by three Olympians, North Carolina is 10-1 and counting on being No. 1

Through that door and past those two secretaries is the spacious, comfortable office of North Carolina Basketball Coach Dean Smith. Let's sneak a look inside.

Hmm, this is unusual. There seem to be no mementos of his teams' 10 straight postseason tournaments, nine 20-victory seasons, eight consensus All-Americans, seven Top Ten finishes, six ACC regular-season titles, five ACC tournament championships, four Eastern Regional crowns, three NIT appearances or two international tournament victories. No partridge in a pear tree, either. In fact, there is not a "one" of anything, at least not as in "No. 1." For all his enormous success, Smith has never coached the top-ranked team in the country, not even for a week.

Although Smith would be loath to admit it publicly, this shortcoming could be corrected next March at the NCAA tournament in Atlanta. The Tar Heels would be ranked No. 1 right now if they had not suffered a one-point overtime loss to Wake Forest in the season-opening Big Four tournament. Since then the team has reared to nine straight victories, raising its record to 10-1 and lowering its postseason betting odds.

Already there have been warning drumbeats from as far away as Portland, Ore. After Carolina blitzed three opponents in the Far West Classic last month, Coach Neil McCarthy of runner-up Weber State flatly declared, "They should be No. 1." The night before, following an awesome 86-60 thrashing of Oregon, wounded Duck Greg Ballard

had said, "That's the best team I've ever played against." And yes, as a senior, Ballard knew UCLA when.

The Tar Heels brought their point closer to home last week, opening the ACC season with victories over Clemson (91-63) and Virginia (91-67). Coming into the contest, Clemson was nationally ranked itself, with nine triumphs in 10 games and a 35-point victory margin. But afterward, Coach Bill Foster shook his head and said, "They made us look like we'd never even practiced together."

With four starters back from last year's 25-4 club, the Tar Heels have practiced together a lot. And three of the players have Olympic gold medals after playing for Smith in Montreal last summer.

Like most coaches, Smith plays games one at a time and says so *ad nauseum*. He not only refuses to look very far ahead to where he might be going, but he also won't even look behind to see where he has been. When the school pep band struck up the Olympic theme after the

Clemson game last week, Smith acted like Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*. "I wish they wouldn't do that," he said. "That was last summer when we had Scott May and Adrian Dantley." In other words, don't play it again, Sam.

Even if he could make use of his 12 Olympic players, Smith would not take much for granted. "Oh, we'd be one of the 32 teams in the NCAA field," he allows, "but we wouldn't necessarily make the final four. Too much can happen."

But the three Olympians he does have—Guard Phil Ford, Forward Walter Davis and Center Tommy LaGarde—may be enough. On the bench he even has a fourth Olympian, Randy Wiet, a 25-year-old former policeman from the Netherlands Antilles who was a sprinter in the 1968 Games.

Recently the Tar Heels have been blowing out opponents like birthday candles. "We're killing teams and it's hilarious," says Guard John Kuester, the fourth returning starter. "People must get



Soaring above the masses, forward-turned-center LaGarde makes his move on Clemson

tired of reading that every game was our best of the year," says LaGarde. "Things might go wrong for a while, but not for an entire game." One reason for the team's fast start is the rapid development of freshman Forward Mike O'Koren. "I learned quickly that it's more than putting the ball in the hoop," he says. "The first week of practice I was dribbling downcourt when all of a sudden somebody stole the ball and everybody else was running in the opposite direction."

O'Koren's Jersey City background has forced him to make other adjustments. "Hush puppies?" he exclaimed in a school cafeteria line one day. "I thought hush puppies were something you wore on your feet."

Despite his ignorance of Southern cuisine he has fit in well enough on the court to shoot a team-leading 58% from the field, highlighted by an 18-for-21 performance in Oregon. And O'Koren has also learned what is at stake in his first college season. "It's funny," he says, "but a year ago I was hoping to win the county and now it's the country."

If Carolina takes the national title, it will be because of performances as well balanced as the Flying Wallendas'. All five starters are scoring in double figures and shooting at least 55% from the floor and 71% from the foul line. And led by the spirited Ford ("Phal Cadillac" one coach has called him) the Tar Heels have almost twice as many assists and steals as their flustered opponents.

Each of the starters is capable of a big scoring night, but in Smith's well-ordered system "nobody is selfish enough to try." While restraining individual skills, the emphasis on team play does foster brotherhood. The players believe in each other so much that most of them include a current or former teammate among their list of "most-admired sports stars." Even more brotherly, perhaps, is the enthusiastic support the starters give their substitutes.

A lack of quality reserve strength could be a roadblock on the way to Atlanta, especially in the frontcourt where LaGarde is still developing at center after three years at forward. Fortunately for Smith, the team's dominant play has resulted in an average winning margin of 17 points and lots of court time for the bench.

Against Clemson last week the reserves played the Tigers even over the game's last six minutes. Smith was not around to enjoy it, however, having been

banished with three technical fouls in the first half. He accepted his punishment with equanimity, later recalling that his only other ejection had occurred five years ago, against Clemson also. "The last time we went to the final four."

There are a few other good omens. It was exactly 20 years ago that North Carolina last won the NCAA title and 25 years ago that a substitute guard with a nasal twang named Dean Smith played for (or rather sat and watched) national champion Kansas.

But history, as Smith would like very much to say right now, never won anybody anything. Aggressive defense is more important and the Tar Heels have that, too. They play it as if every player had an extra arm to reach and swipe at opponents.

With all this, the team could provide Smith that "one" thing he has never had. But even if it does, Ford, at least, will not be completely happy. "Knowing we can't be undefeated makes me disappointed," he says. So long as the Tar Heels won their last game, the title guard can probably live with it.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST For its first game as a member of the WCAC, Portland had Brian Corrigan, a Houdini-type escape artist free himself from a straitjacket at halftime. The Pilots, though, were tied up by San Francisco 95-73 as Winford Boyes hit on nine of 11 field-goal tries and scored 20 points. The Dons, who became No. 1 in both wire-service polls last week, then throttled Seattle 81-63, James Hardy zeroing in for 25 points and Bill Carwright for 22.

Last season's WCAC titlist, Pepperdine lost 77-73 in four overtimes to Nevada-Reno which got 32 points from Edgar Jones.

UCLA had warmed up for the Pac 8 wars by drubbing Houston 96-83. But against Oregon at Pauley Pavilion the Bruins went cold at the end, just as they did in their loss to Notre Dame when they failed to score in the final six minutes. UCLA blew a 60-53 lead in the last 3:20 against the Ducks and lost 61-60. Oregon's Greg Ballard put in the last two of his 22 points on a pair of free throws in the final second. Oregon then stopped USC 64-52, while UCLA outscored Oregon State 16-2 in the last four minutes for an 83-66 verdict.

After Washington lost its first four games, Coach Mary Harnham set a goal: "Win the

next 14 or 15 in a row." It seemed amiable, but the Huskies may be on the way to doing just that. With James Edwards netting 44 points, they beat California 85-75 and Stanford 98-77 to give them 10 wins in a row. Washington State got strong performances inside from Steve Pardalos (39 points) and outside from Harold Rhodes (42 points) as it handied Stanford 80-68 and California 77-63.

Arizona trailed San Diego State 76-74 with two minutes to go, but prevailed 80-77.

"Give him a saliva test," said New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger after Rebel Forward Glen Gonderick had 20 points and 20 rebounds in only 38 minutes of play, as Nevada-Las Vegas won 121-96 in a game that had 20 ties and 13 lead changes. Double G added 41 points and 24 rebounds as the Rebels stormed past Colorado (113-91) and Cal State-Northridge (112-72).

1. SAN FRANCISCO (17-0)

2. ARIZ. (11-1) 3. NEV.-LAS VEGAS (13-1)

MIDWEST "A dunk does something for a team," said Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett, whose Bearcats came to life immediately after Brian Williams threw one down against Temple. Up to that moment, which came with 16 minutes to play, the Owls had kept the Bearcats and their fans subdued, leading 33-29. But Williams' stuff stirred up the roosters and the Bearcats, who kept the Owls scoreless for eight minutes and went on to win 61-46.

Also igniting his team with ram-jams was Louisville freshman Darrell Griffith, who came off the bench to score 23 points against Florida State. Griffith had three dunks, giving him 13 for the season, and blocked a shot and scored a basket with 20 seconds left to send the game into overtime. Louisville won 78-75, its fourth overtime victory of the season. Griffith was at it again in another Metro Seven finale, scoring eight points in the last five minutes to hold off Tulane 90-81.

Memphis State (12-1) knocked off three outsiders, beating Southern Mississippi 82-78, Oklahoma City 82-72 and Mac Murray 109-55.

Marquette defeated Georgia Tech 63-45 and South Carolina 65-54, Butch Lee scoring 18 points in each game.

Ron Brewer was hot in more ways than one as Arkansas began Southwest Conference play by winning a pair. With four seconds remaining against Texas Tech, Brewer carried a 25-foot jumper to snap a tie and lead the Razorbacks to a 41-38 triumph. A few hours before facing Houston, Brewer had a 102° fever but a doctor permitted him to start nevertheless. Brewer's condition improved by halftime and he helped Arkansas put some zip in its second-half offense, overcoming a 34-33 Cougar halftime advantage for an 81-70 win.

Defending conference titlist Texas A&M continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

opened up with a 68-59 trouncing of Texas. Another defending champion, Missouri, of the Big Eight, dropped its league opener, however. The Tigers led Kansas by six points with nine minutes left. But JC transfer John Douglas, a brother of Leon Douglas of the Detroit Pistons, found the range, and the Jayhawks came out on top 77-72. Douglas scored 13 of Kansas' final 18 points, two on a shot that appeared to have been knocked from his hand but which somehow managed to creep off the glass and through the net.

1. CINCINNATI (10-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (9-2) 3. ARKANSAS (90-1)

MIDEAST After the first week of Southeastern Conference play, three teams remained unbeaten: Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. Barely. Freshmen Guards Robert (Rah Rah) Scott and Kent (Flea) Looney saved the Tide. Looney brought Alabama home a 74-71 winner in its opener at Auburn, scoring 13 points in 21 minutes. With Anthony Murray out for a month with a pulled calf muscle, Scott started against Florida and had 20 points in an 83-71 win. Against LSU, which led by 12 in the first half, Scott helped break open a close game with two steals and two baskets in 10 seconds. Looney wrapped things up with six free throws in the closing minute.

Georgia slowed down Kentucky's running game and led 49-45. Then Wildcat Coach Joe Hall installed a 1-4 offense to make room around the basket for Rick Robey, who scored eight points to tie the score at 53-53. In overtime, James Lee had a four-point play—a field goal and two free throws for being intentionally fouled while shooting—for a 64-59 Kentucky triumph. Vanderbilt, using three freshmen, also gave the Wildcats fits. Robey finally settling matters 64-62 with a basket at the final nine seconds.

Tennessee won twice, 73-69 over pesky Vanderbilt, as Ernie Grunfeld popped in 23 points, and 87-79 over Auburn, as Bernard King had 32 points and 16 rebounds.

Auburn also lost to Mississippi State 81-79. State hopped Mississippi 85-49, but was swamped by Florida 97-75.

When Walter Jordan and Wayne Walls were Purdue freshmen two years ago, they agonized during a 104-71 loss to Indiana. Last week they got revenge, teaming up for 39 points to end the Hoosiers' Big Ten-record 37-game victory streak 80-63. The Boilermakers also beat Ohio State 82-65.

Michigan tuned up for league action by winning 90-86 at South Carolina as Rickney Green had 30 points. Green scored 20 more as the Wolverines drubbed Northwestern and had 22 in a 66-63 defeat of stubborn Wisconsin. The Badgers, who started three freshmen, outbounded the Wolverines 54-64 and led by six points with 13 minutes to go.

With Osborne Lockhart, Mike Thompson

and Ray Williams combining for 61 points, unbeaten Minnesota stopped Iowa 78-68.

1. KENTUCKY (9-1)

2. MICHIGAN (9-1) 3. ALABAMA (12-0)

EAST Some 1,500 costumed amateur soldiers reenacted the Revolutionary War's Battle of Princeton on Monday. In an upset, the Colonial forces turned back the British. That night there was, so to speak, another Battle of Princeton. Another upset. The Princeton Tigers held to their usual wise shot selection and tenacious man-to-man defense to stun Notre Dame 76-62. Although outbounded 50-30, the Tigers compensated by forcing 26 turnovers and harassing the Irish into 39% shooting. For offense, Princeton relied on Bob Slaughter (19 points) and Frank Sowinski (18). "I'm not the best recruiter in the world," said Tiger Coach Pete Carril. "Look at my clothes [definitely not Brooks Brothers]. Look at my face [definitely not Robert Redford]. You've got to get yourself a three-piece suit and a fancy car and be handsome. That's the way it's done today."

Despite lacking all that and despite having just three scholarship players among its top eight, the Tigers keep winning. They boosted their record to 9-2 by beginning the defense of their Ivy League title with two wins. Center Bob Roma tossed in 23 points to help beat Harvard 77-45, and the resolute Princeton defense, the stingiest in the country, was at its best in a 62-52 upset of Dartmouth.

Penn won twice, 65-46 over Dartmouth and 66-58 over Harvard.

Two days after being methodically dismantled by Princeton, Notre Dame was again victimized, this time by Villanova 64-62.

Providence avoided being upset. The Friars overcame an 11-point Seton Hall lead to register a 72-68 overtime win. Then they disposed of St. Joseph's 65-54 and Massachusetts 68-62.

Four other teams came through impressively. Holy Cross (10-1) trampled Assumption 109-73 and Fordham 83-74. Syracuse (11-2) breezed past Fordham 87-68, Cornell 93-61 and American U. 90-68. VMI (9-1) nipped Roanoke 73-57 and Emory & Henry 107-71. And Wake Forest began its Atlantic Coast Conference schedule with a pair of squeakers, forging back from a 10-point deficit to down Virginia 67-63 and then ending Maryland's 10-game winning streak in overtime 86-85 at College Park. Skip Brown of the Deacons snuck a 16-foot jumper with 38 seconds left in regulation time to give Wake Forest an 81-79 lead. But Brian Magid knotted the score with a 30-footer just before the buzzer. Brown came through in the clutch again, snapping a tie with three seconds to go in overtime by sinking a decisive foul shot.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (10-1)

2. PROV. (10-2) 3. WAKE FOREST (11-1)

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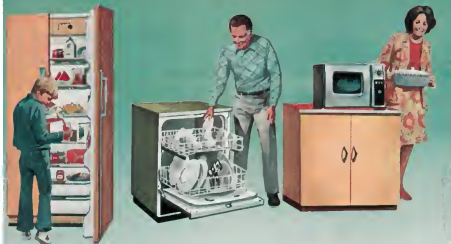
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Every last one of them appeared on either the televised Super Bowl halftime program or on one of the two Saturday night variety shows that were spin-offs of the Raiders vs. the Vikings. They helped prove that what should be a marvelous football game has become what television has always hoped it would be—the electronic media monster of this and, presumably, every season to come. And lest that huge list of non-football people isn't evidence enough, consider the scene outside the Rose Bowl late last week. So many tractors, trailers, mobile homes, tape machines, microphones, cranes and lights were there, it looked as if CBS and NBC had received word that Pasadena had been selected as the starting place for World War III. Most of the equipment was not brought in to telecast the game. It was there to cover the hoopla that is threatening to overwhelm the events on the field.

The Super Bowl should be the ultimate players' game. Instead, TV, as it usually does, has moved the landmarks. Television apparently doesn't believe that the game can sustain interest on its own merits. Before last year's Super Bowl, which was telecast by CBS from the Orange Bowl, a variety show emanating from Miami got decent ratings. This year viewers were given a choice of two such programs, not counting the one at halftime, during which fans in the Rose Bowl were equipped with colored cards so they could be show-biz folk, too, and entertain all those unfortunate enough not to be in Pasadena. That NBC provided two hours of Super Bowl coverage was hardly surprising, because that network did the game this year. But why would CBS do a 1½-hour show to help hype its rival's ratings the next day? That's easy—CBS gets the game in 1978, and legends must be perpetuated.

The *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad* World of the Super Bowl was taped in advance by NBC,

while CBS' *Super Night* at the Super Bowl was shown live from in front of the Rose Bowl. Each had a referee skit and someone imitating Howard Cosell. People tried to explain football on both shows, and too many jokes about the Los Angeles Rams were told on both networks.

For all their triteness, the dullest thing about the variety shows is that they seem likely to spawn a lot of offspring. ABC already does a program from Louisville the night before the Kentucky Derby, and a show preceding next summer's U.S. Open tennis tournament at Forest Hills is in the works. How far in the future can one (if not seven) pre-World Series program be? The variety shows feed off an event that's in the news the way pilot fish use sharks. That would be harmless enough, except for the real danger to sports they present. Television has always had trouble telling the difference between entertainment, which pro football and other sports most certainly are, and show biz, which they are not. By making the Super Bowl merely part of a show-biz package, by surrounding it with the sort of second-rate shows that were presented last week, TV is threatening to diminish the value of the game. And it threatens to denigrate the athletes' skills, which is the chief reason spectators pay to watch pro sports.

Television's attitude is, if Fred Bilezikoff becomes the hero of the Super Bowl and Dorothy Hamill stars in the Olympics, let's do "specials" with them. Who cares if the shows are rotten or if the athletes appear wooden and embarrassed? Turn 'em all into the Marquis Champs.

The differences between *Mad, Mad* and *Super Night* were not vast. The latter, however, was unusual in that it was produced outdoors and live by Pierre Cossette on an evening so damp and cold that the actors' breath could be seen. Cossette had to post a \$20,000 bond insuring that his sets would be struck



COSSETTE UNSET HIS SETS SO FANS COULD SEE THE ACTION

and moved out of the area eight hours after the show ended; alas, it was necessary for people to get into the Rose Bowl the next day. There were 16 motor homes, 24 portable dressing rooms, 7.5 miles of cable, plus sets and lights, cranes and booms. "We'll get it out," Cossette said, "or the City of Pasadena will bulldoze it all and bury it in the dump. They say they have a football game to play."

Indeed they did. Experienced Super Bowl watchers know that whichever team is ahead at the half usually wins, and Super XI was no exception. NBC did a fine job on a game that was both one-sided and nearly devoid of spectacular plays. That prevented the network from gaining much advantage from the 14 cameras (eight more than usual) it deployed.

The halftime show, put on by Walt Disney Productions, looked as if it was designed to sell color sets. While viewers got to see the new Mouseketeers, the show-biz part of the proceedings used up so much time that NBC could only rerun one key play of the first half (a fumbled punt). Until the fourth period, when the lopsidedness of the game forced them to begin jabbering to fill time, announcers Curt Gowdy and Don Meredith worked well together, just as they had during the Rose Bowl the week before. Yes, the camera swept the crowd for celebrities, but one gets used to that these days. At times, the shots of Johnny Bench, et al. were actually a relief from watching Minnesota's ineptness. **END**

Graham did not crack

USC's Buzz Strobe had the momentum, but UCLA's Tony Graham refused to crumble, enabling the Bruins to win the second National Collegiate Classic

California, blessed with large quantities of people, sunshine and courts, counts tennis players as one of its foremost crops. They grow healthy and ripe out of the Plexiglas and Laykold just as the grapes and avocados grow out of the soil. The juiciest of them are harvested by coaches at California universities, and, as if that weren't enough, talented kids from all over the world flock to the state in search of stiffer competition. The result has been that only once in the last 17 years has a non-California school won the NCAA tennis championship.

Judging from what happened last week at the National Collegiate Tennis Classic in Rancho Mirage, Calif. (near Palm Springs), the state's supremacy is going to end only when Duluth, Minn. becomes the citrus capital of the world. In a near duplication of last year's NCAA finish,

UCLA won with 16 points. Stanford and USC tied for second with 15 apiece.

Of course, the National Collegiate is no more a "classic" than all those holiday basketball tournaments. How can the second annual anything be a classic? What it is is a gathering of 16 teams to start off the college tennis season and a chance for the snowbelt players to thaw out.

"It was five below back in Champaign with a wind-chill factor of 20 below when we left," said Illinois Coach Bruce Shuman. "So you can see how we appreciate this."

The tournament is the brainchild of Rex Darling, who coached tennis at Eastern Illinois for 29 years before moving to the desert. (Actually, what he is best known for is having been half of that great—and sugary—doubles team back in the '30s at Illinois State, Rex Darling and Charles Sweet.) The National Collegiate format is the same as the NCAA tournament's: singles and doubles with a team element mixed in by awarding a school one point per victory. The off-court format is even better than the NCAA's: free lodging at good resort hotels and free meals at good restaurants.

Oklahoma City U. was one of the teams invited this year, but, according to Darling, the Chiefs had to cancel when their Australian mainstays decided they wanted to go home for the Christmas holidays. Nevertheless, there were a number of foreigners on and around the courts at the plush Mission Hills Country Club. Most of them were enrolled at Pepperdine, the school with the lovely seaside campus at Malibu.

Pepperdine is coached by Larry Riggs, son of male chauvinist Bobby, and he has figured out that since he can't out-recruit UCLA, USC and Stanford for the nation's top-ranked juniors he had better look to foreign shores. Joao Soares of Brazil was twice an All-America at Pepperdine and then turned pro instead of playing out his eligibility, but Riggs

still has a mini-United Nations General Assembly every time he holds a practice: Eddie Edwards, once the No. 4 junior in South Africa; Leo Palm, 11 times a junior champion in Finland; Dean Graham, another South African; and Sivagnanam (Shots) Suresh, a doctor's son from Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), where he was national champion at 16.

Also at Mission Hills were Israel's Reuben Porjes of Duke and Ronnie Lerner of Arizona State, neither of whom got past the first round of singles. Since a Peruvian, a Chilean, an Ecuadorian and two Mexicans have won eight NCAA singles titles, it seemed strange that there were no Latin Americans on hand.

It was also strange, on Thursday, when raindrops began splattering the courts. Just as if the Illinois contingent had brought along the weather in its van, it drizzled all day, canceling every match and embarrassing the tournament's sponsors, the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce and the local newspaper, *The Desert Sun*. The Chamber had given each player and coach a pair of sunglasses at a welcoming banquet Wednesday night.

Sunglasses were not in demand on Friday, either, but neither were umbrellas, and tournament director Darling and Mission Hills tennis pro Dennis Rabston were able to cram two days of matches into one so that the "classic" could end on Saturday as planned and not have to buck the televised Super Bowl for attention. They also were worried about the Brigham Young players, who are not allowed to play on Sunday.

Going into the final day it was a familiar story: UCLA, USC and Stanford bunched together like Siamese triplets. That was doubly discouraging to the other schools because each of the Big Three had arrived without its best players—Ferdinand Taygan and Van Winesky of UCLA, Bruce Manson of USC and Bill Maze and Matt Mitchell of Stanford. If the NCAA's new limit of five tennis scholarships per school was meant to spread the talent around, it has not worked so far.

Saturday was the way it is supposed to be in Palm Springs and environs: bright sunshine, the snowcapped Santa Rosa Mountains looming over the flat desert, prospective condominium buyers scurrying about. Sweaters off, sunglasses on. It seemed a bright day for USC, too, especially because the Trojans' Chris



Graham is known for steadiness and hard work.

Lewis and Andy Lucchesi were the top-seeded doubles team. Lewis, an A student who grew up "exactly three-eighths of a mile" from the UCLA campus, had been upset early in singles and was anxious to redeem himself. USC also had a good chance in singles with non-scholarship player Charles (Buzz) Strobe, a hard-hitting husky blond.

After Lewis and Lucchesi won their semifinal match from San Jose State and Strobe won his over UCLA's Jon Paley, the day seemed brighter yet for USC. All the Trojans had to do was win one of the finals and they would at least tie for the title. But the day grew cooler as the afternoon wore on. Sweaters went back on and USC's hopes died.

The shocker came from two 18-year-old Stanford freshmen, Peter Rennett of Great Neck, N.Y., and Lloyd Bourne of Pasadena, Calif. They had played together in only one previous tournament, yet they whipped Lewis-Lucchesi 6-4, 3-6, 7-6. Their win was especially noteworthy because their coach, Dick Gould, was away giving clinics in the Caribbean.

That left UCLA, USC and Stanford with 15 points apiece, and the singles final to decide the title—USC's Strobe vs. UCLA junior Tony Graham, who, according to Bruin Coach Glenn Bissett, relies "mainly on steadiness and hard work." Steady Graham, who has only a partial grant-in-aid, vs. Strobe the slammer. It was downright chilly by the time they began play. The linemen stood up as often as possible and moved around to uncongeal their blood.

Graham, who had beaten Strobe 7-5, 6-3 in the semis, showed more than just an ability to get balls back. He played well and hit more than his share of flashing winners to take the first set, then saw Strobe go from 4-5 in the second to win three straight games and even the match. It seemed that Strobe had the momentum to storm right on to the title, but Graham surprised almost everybody, including his coach, and won the third set rather easily, taking the match 6-4, 5-7, 6-2 to give UCLA that delicious 16th point.

UCLA and USC have now won one National Collegiate apiece. They have each won 12 NCAA titles. Last year the NCAA tournament ended UCLA 21, USC 21, Stanford 20. This year the NCAAAs are at Georgia in late May and no doubt the three California rivals will again end up separated by the thickness of a string of gut.

END



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A pair of kings for openers

In a showdown between the winners of last year's U.S. Open and last year's PGA, Jerry Pate edged Dave Stockton in sudden death to win the tour's starter at Phoenix

Last week the pro tour took off its head covers, broke out the road maps, called ahead for reservations, mused about the vagaries of putting surfaces, ordered up a fleet of courtesy cars, passed out marshals' outfits, complained about bad bounces and dashed off on a 1977 itinerary that includes 43 tournaments in 19 states and Canada, and offers more than \$9 million in prize money.

The first stop was Phoenix, where it rained and was 30° on Sunday morning. And the laundry came back late and the baby-sitter did not show up. But none of this fazed Jerry Pate, last year's Rookie of the Year, who beat Dave Stockton, his partner in last month's World Cup, on the first hole of sudden death after the two had tied at 277.

While the final round was essentially a Pate-Stockton battle, all sorts of people hovered nearby waiting for the two of them to falter. As late as the 17th tee Bruce Lietzke, who had started the day six strokes off the pace, was in a tie for the lead, only to bogey the last two holes. Larry Nelson barely missed a birdie at the 18th and finished one stroke back, while Lietzke and George Burns were two strokes behind.

The playoff was abrupt. Pate and Stockton hit the green with their drives at the 15th, a 204-yard par-3. Pate's approach putt stopped 1½ feet away, but Stockton left himself a four-footer. Putting is what has made Stockton a two-time PGA champion, but this time he faltered, the ball breaking just to the left of the cup. When Pate dropped his putt, he was the winner. The victory was worth \$40,000 to him, meaning he won't have to worry about the price of coffee for a while. It also made him the leading money-winner of the year, which he might just be until Jack Nicklaus comes out of hibernation.

Pate's win notwithstanding, the big news of the 1977 opener was that for the first time in a few seasons the PGA

did not announce a new point system, or unveil plans for a designated tournament involving the free-drop leaders, and that Johnny Miller did not win. Figuring in the Tucson Open, Miller had won five of the previous six Arizona tournaments, a couple of them by lapping the field. But at Phoenix last week his putting stroke had a case of bronchitis, he opened with a 74 and wound up at 287 in a tie for 34th. Said Johnny, this time come lately, "These young guys put like I used to."

In a game where the perfect shot is so elusive, Miller's comment was more challenging than flip. The pro tour seems like an easy way to get a suntan, hobnob with Hollywood, make a bunch of money and see the world. Actually, it can be inescapably City. For instance, one player at Phoenix said that people are always walking up to him and asking, "Didn't you used to be Lanny Wadkins?"

You remember Lanny Wadkins, who exploded onto the tour predicting he would be sensational, the prodigy with a strobe-light backswing. He won \$116,000 as a rookie in 1972 and \$200,000 the next year and looked like the greatest thing since they put British accents in the television towers. His money earnings as a rookie were a record until Pate broke it with \$153,000 last season. But now nearly four years have gone by since Wadkins won a tournament. He has lost his exempt status, and at the tender age of 27 he is struggling to make a comeback. "People ask me, 'How's the hand, how's the back?'" says Wadkins. "They know something is wrong but they don't know what."

Wadkins' misfortunes stem from a gallbladder operation in December 1974. It took him almost six months to recuperate and when he returned to the tour he discovered that his driver did not know him. "For the first two years I drove the ball better than anyone out here," Wadkins recalls. "For the last two, prob-

ably no one has driven it worse." In 1975 he won \$23,582. Last year he made a shade under \$43,000, despite a lackluster final half. As a non-exempt player (one who fails to make the list of top 60 money-winners), Wadkins could find himself struggling through the Monday-morning qualifiers just trying to make the field. However, he has enough high finishes in his portfolio and his reputation with tournament officials is such that so far he has been getting by on sponsors' exemptions.

"I intend to work hard this year and get something done," he says. "I'd like to get back to those old days. They were fun. You know, I went to see the movie *A Star Is Born* last night, where the guy is on top and then starts down. I could relate to that." And Lanny may be on the way back. On Saturday he shot a 68, finished with a 72 and wound up in a tie for 19th place, worth \$2,140.

Every year the 442 tournament players of the PGA start out at \$00,000 with the knowledge that the mountain is high and the valley is low. "There's more pressure each year," says Tom Watson. "You think, 'How many times can I make that 15-footer?'" Watson did not win a tournament on the American circuit in 1976, although he did win one made in Japan. And he dropped five places on the money list, from seventh to 12th. After poor putting gave him a 74 in the opening round at Phoenix, Watson went to the putting green, where long after darkness he was still practicing the elusive 15-footer.

Watson was working to keep away "the ghost," as the pros call the gremlin that haunts their games. "I've played with guys you can see are struggling, trying too hard," says Stockton. "They can't get it done because of the pressure. It's a funny game. No one really cares about you when you're a nobody. Then you win and you're a star, and now that you can afford to buy something,

continued

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Pate's 67s in the first and second rounds at Phoenix were remarkable, considering that the tournament was played with an additional hazard: the embedded ball. Recent rains left the Phoenix course a bit sloshed, which made iron shots hard to control. "A lot of times it's hard to make the ball come down," said Pate.

Even though his halfway score left him with a two-stroke lead over Nelson and Burns, and he was at least four up on everyone else, Pate's margin was far from secure, because the Phoenix course has a reputation for being a tour pigeon that can yield an occasional 61. The trouble is that it is located downtown, and about the only way to stretch it out and toughen it up would be to move the 1st tee over behind the Adams Hotel.

The rains resumed on Saturday and, while Stockton charged out of the pack with a 64, the chill and dampness kept the field guessing on approach shots. "This type of weather is the most difficult to play in because you can't get loose," said Stockton, adding that he could feel his back tightening up even as he spoke.

Stockton is one of the many players who admire Pate for everything from his slow, smooth swing to his candor and confidence. After reading Miller's quote about putting, Pate quipped, "He's gone from being a young guy to an old guy in just a year."

The similarity between the early careers of Pate and Wadkins is striking. Both are former U.S. Amateur champions who came out of Southern colleges, Pate from Alabama, Wadkins from Wake Forest. In his first season Wadkins won the Sahara and was named Rookie of the Year. In his first season, Pate won the Canadian Open and a tournament in Japan to go with his triumph in the U.S. Open at Atlanta, the best rookie showing since Nicklaus debuted in 1962. No wonder he is confident. "You got to be," he said after a birdie on 18 on Saturday. "You think Jimmy Carter could do his job if he wasn't?"

Pate's birdie gave him a third-round score of 70, a one-stroke lead over Stockton and two strokes on Nelson and Gary McCord. And a chance to pick up right where he left off. "Some guys win, and even they think it is a fluke," said Stockton. "But Pate knows he is going to win again."

Dave, you were so right,

END



This is Jerry Pate, winner, looking more like a loser, which is a word he does not understand



And this is Dave Stockton, loser, looking more like a winner, which he has been and will be again

Starting out with a chaser

The Swedish champ isn't exactly quaking in his ski boots, but in the early rounds of the World Cup a dashing American is battling him through the slalom gates

The hot tip in world ski racing this season is not that Austrian daredevil Franz Klammer will win every downhill event they put in front of him. He has done just about that for two years now. It was no surprise when the king of the mountain threw himself into the first three downhill of the World Cup season and won all three by a mile. There are seven more to go and Klammer looks long gone.

But, hold on. The real drama lies just off center stage in the trickier slaloms, where style is everything and where Klammer usually lands on his ear after bombing the first three gates or so. There a battle is shaping up between Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark, the sneakiest racer of them all and last year's World Cup champion, and Phil Mahre, a mop-headed 19-year-old whiz from White Pass, Wash. Mahre won the first move by dusting everybody off. Stenmark included, in the season-opening giant slalom at Val d'Isère. Two days later, he raced to third place in the second GS to become the leader in the World Cup standings. Because no American male had ever won a World Cup GS in the Alps or any World Cup race there in four years, Mahre became an overnight celebrity. Stenmark, who finished second and sixth, was seen beating the ground with his ski poles at the finish line, a flash of anger that he had never displayed before.

The competition grew more intense when the racing circus moved on to Ebnet-Kappel, Switzerland, where muggy weather had turned the giant slalom courses into something like yogurt. Mahre finished the first run in second place, 16/100s of a second behind the eventual winner and local hero, Henri Hemmi. He started just as hot in the second run, but skied into a hole at the 13th gate. Stenmark, meanwhile, came in 24th in the first run; in the second he made up enough time to finish eighth overall. In the next slalom at Laax, Switzerland,

Stenmark finally won his first World Cup race of the season. Back up on the hill, Mahre skied into a gate instead of a hole—and failed to finish. This dropped him to seventh in the standings; Stenmark was in second. And then came last weekend and the GS in Garmisch, West Germany. This time it was Stenmark who crashed. After flashing across the line in 1:36.68 in the first run, the fastest time and seven-tenths ahead of Mahre, Stenmark charged through some 40 gates in the second before his wipeout. Mahre stayed upright and confident, finishing fourth behind surprise winner Klaus Heidegger of Austria. The standings: Stenmark in fifth, Mahre up to sixth, only two points behind. And while a few early

racers do not make a season, the results served to quash predictions that Stenmark will ski away with the cup this year.

"I'm hanging in," says Mahre. "Nobody has gotten too far ahead of me yet."

The duel between champ and challenger has been coming on since the end of last season at Aspen when Mahre finished behind Stenmark in the slalom in which Stenmark clinched the World Cup title. "Next year I will have to watch out for him," Stenmark allowed at the time. Now it seems next year has arrived.

Last October, when the U.S. and Swedish teams were training in Val Senales, Italy, Mahre and Stenmark resumed their competition in timed practice runs. "In the GS I was way off pace," says Mahre.



After Ingemar Stenmark won the title, Swedish King Carl Gustaf presented him with a gold medal

"I was two seconds out against Stenmark. But in the slalom there were runs when I tied him or was just two-tenths slower."

"I knew from Phil's training runs that he was getting very good," says Stenmark. "I watched him, all right." Mahre also used the Val Senales camp to study the Swede's flawless technique and to compare it with his own. "In the slalom," he says, "Stenmark is ahead of everything. The gate doesn't come to him; he goes to the gate. When there is a rhythm change, he has a feel for the line where he should be. His style is letter perfect."

Hank Tauber, the director of the U.S. team, says, "Phil is very spontaneous. He makes errors. But he is so talented that he can correct a mistake at top speed in the middle of a turn. He has not skied his perfect race yet, but when he does, the rest of the world won't be able to touch him. Including Stenmark. When Phil won the first race, the Europeans thought it was a fluke. But when he got that third place and was leading in the cup standings, they said, 'Hey, he's for real!'"

Mahre's win was reason to celebrate, a relatively rare occasion for the U.S. team, and Colmar, the company that turns out racing suits for the team, presented him with two cases of champagne. "We only let him have a few sips," says Tauber. "But he doesn't really like the stuff, anyway. He likes milk."

Both Mahre and Stenmark are country boys who have no taste for champagne or adulation. While Mahre is a bit more outgoing and an easy talker, Stenmark is so reserved and shy that he is usually referred to as "the silent Swede." At times he opens his mouth as if he wants to say something, then, apparently thinking better of it, closes it again. Otherwise, they are quite a bit alike: both come from a rugged life-style and a home mountain that is not big enough for downhill training. Consequently, both concentrated on the slalom events and developed their techniques on their own. Says Stenmark's coach, Torgny Svensson, "Talents are born, not made. We coaches can do nothing but organize the training facilities."

Mahre and twin brother Steve, also a promising racer, were born in Yakima, Wash. Every winter the family went skiing at White Pass. When the twins were nine the family moved there, after Dave Mahre had been named assistant man-

er of the White Pass resort. The Mahres now have nine children, and all but 4-year-old Ruthie spend summers moving rocks and stumps to clear trails, painting ski lifts and digging trenches. "It's a kind of pioneer life," says Tauber. "They are tough kids. Unspoiled. Like Klummer, who shovels manure on his farm."

When he was nine, Mahre decided that he wanted to make the U.S. Olympic team in 1976, but on the day before Thanksgiving in 1973, he broke his right leg racing away from an avalanche—and losing. "I'm lucky I'm here today," he says. "I raced into the trees and hit a stump. I was burned up to my waist." Mahre broke the leg again the next summer, this time clowning around on a children's playground slide, and doctors installed four steel screws in it. His victory in the GS at the national championship in February 1975 was his first race in 1½ years. The next season, he made the World Cup team and the Olympics, in which he finished fifth in the GS; Stenmark won the bronze.

Racing in Europe was bewildering at first, but Mahre has decided to play it

cool. "I want to concentrate, to race at the top of my ability," he says. "So I try to ignore it when the Europeans trample all over us in the lift lines, or when they try to psych us out, saying, 'Good run' with those sly little grins. Klummer is really tops in that department. He keeps talking to Herbert Plank [Italy's top downhiller] about how good he feels until Plank gets all rattled and yells, 'Shut up!' But Stenmark is above all that. When he shakes hands and congratulates you, you know he is sincere. He doesn't have to intimidate people. Just being Stenmark intimidates people enough."

Perhaps having grown up so far north of the madding crowd helped Stenmark keep his values neat and honest. His home is Tirnaby (pop. 700) in Swedish Lapland, near the Norwegian border and the Arctic Circle. The sun never sets in summer, and the winters are cold and gloomy. Stenmark grew up skiing "snake lines," as he says, on a 2,000-foot molehill called Laxtället, which means Salmon Mountain. His father Erik, who owns and operates a bulldozer, was his first coach; after all, the old man had once

continued



After Phil Mahre won one race, the uniform supplier presented him with two cases of champagne

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has
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4 mg "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
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SMOKING continued

placed fifth in a Swedish slalom championship. Why didn't Ingemar become a cross-country racer like the rest of the Swedes? Stenmark says that it is too strenuous a sport—a strange attitude coming from the best-conditioned skier and hardest worker on the Swedish team.

When Stenmark joined his small, tight-knit national team of half a dozen racers three years ago, the alpine division of the Swedish Ski Association was so poor that the racers had to travel by bus or train to get to the World Cup races. For Stenmark, the trip from Tärnaby to Kitzbühel took 48 hours. But even after he became famous and the Swedes got a pool of supporting equipment manufacturers going, Stenmark refused all favors. Last October, when the team returned from training camp in Italy, Stenmark was given a ticket for a faster and smoother train ride home, while his teammates had to travel by bus. One of them had hurt his back. Stenmark switched tickets and rode the bus himself.

Last year, after Stenmark had finally dethroned four-time World Cup champion Gustav Thoeni, Tärnaby threw a party for Stenmark and presented him with a hunting knife, whose handle was carved from a reindeer antler. Last summer he was awarded a special gold medal by King Carl XVI Gustaf in a private audience—about the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a Swedish citizen. But he was not exempt from military service.

"Usually I spend my summers running with my dog Zorro, and riding my bicycle 20 or 30 miles a day," he says. "And I like to go fishing at the lakes near Tärnaby. But last July I had to go into the army for three months. Military service is sometimes good for conditioning, but sometimes it is not. Shooting and crawling on the belly is not quite the right training for ski racing."

This season, Stenmark certainly cannot afford to crawl down a race course. In the competition for the overall World Cup, the indomitable Klammer could amass 250 points in 10 downhill events alone, one more than Stenmark needed last year to win. And there are a bunch of Italian contenders, like Piero Gros, Thoeni and Fausto Radici, plus the tiny Swiss, Hemmi. Now, last but not least, there is the kid from White Pass. "I can't any longer afford to have any slow runs," says Stenmark. "It's not so easy to catch Phil anymore."

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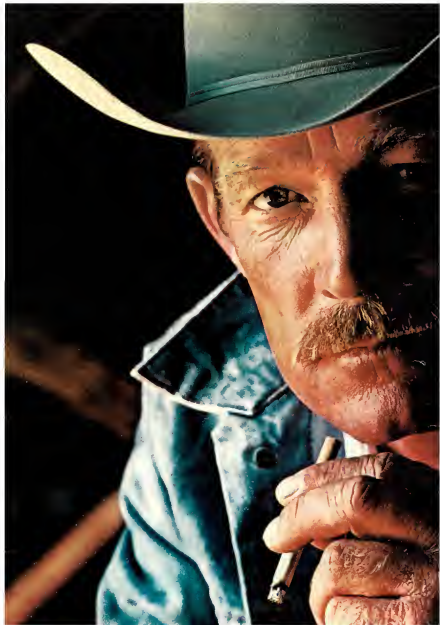
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*Not available in California.

PONTIAC  THE MARK OF GREAT CARS

The Marlboro Man



Derrell Winfield is not just another pretty face. Behind the wrinkles, crow's-feet and crags lies the real item, one cowboy who didn't Come to Where the Flavor Is. Why, shucks, he was there all the time

by MASON SMITH

CONTINUED

It is a good face. It is authentic. So is the scenery, the cattle; so are the horses. But that doesn't mean you think for one minute that the owner of this good face is a cowboy. The Marlboro Man? Come on. He would be too rich by now, for one thing. Authenticity is something you find by taking pictures of about 1,000 models in that cowboy getup and asking about 1,000 housewives which model has it. If the Marlboro Man were a cowboy, that would be truly ironic.

If Darrell Winfield could just hear you. "How you do go on," he would say. Winfield is in the cow town of Pinedale, Wyo. for several unironic, quite coherent reasons. He used to live here, before he bought 40 acres over north at Riverton, 165 miles away, so he is here, for one thing, to see old friends. He is here to deliver two horses that he sold the day before yesterday in Riverton. And, primarily, he is here to rope steers in the rodeo.

No, sir, no way the Marlboro Man is a real cowboy. The real cowboy is hardly even presentable. He is a gambler, a periodic alcoholic, a terrible masochist, an unreconstructed chauvinist. He's lazy. He chews snuff. He is commonly a physical wreck before he is well grown up. The fact that a real cowboy is a poker-faced, postadolescent practical joker is the only possible reason for excusing the things he says about Indians, women and other foreigners to Marlboro Country. A real cowboy is a sight gamier than that ascetic hero pictured in the Marlboro ads. That fellow in the ads is a socialist engineer and he's probably from Austria.

"How you do go on," Darrell Winfield would say. He slept in the pickup coming around the south end of the Wind Rivers from Riverton. He had drunk so much the

night before, Lennie drove. He allows, straight-faced, that is one thing she is good for and that he has earned it. "Twenty-eight years of mortal hell," he says. (Cowboys reserve their broadest insults and tall tales for those closest to them.) She will drive on the way back, too, in the wee hours after the carousing downtown, which comes after the team roping, which is the last event in the rodeo. Only reason he brought her.

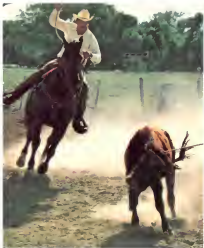
Lennie is as rich of face as her husband is, and jovially double-chinned. Winfield's story is that he was 13 and she 26 when they married 28 years ago, and he is now 47. It doesn't add up, but his voice is resonant with the sincerity of the horse trader.

He has ordered Lennie to park the rig on the rodeo grounds, directly out from the arena gate, so he won't have far to walk. The two sold horses are tied to the two-horse trailer behind the beat-up orange Dodge pickup. A bumper sticker says, IF YOU CAN'T DO IT IN A PICKUP, DO IT IN A LOM-MEX TROUGH.

Winfield sits on the side of the truck bed, greeting friends young and old. He looks not so much hard-bitten as slightly devastated. The heels of his boots are worn down on the inside, from scuffling in the cowboy's usual two-legged limp. His old brown Wranglers are worn out in the crotch so when he perches on the side of the truck there is a glint of white underwear. He wears a light blue shirt and a straw hat with the sides curved up high. His eyes are bloodshot. "I dye my hair," he says, and Lennie rolls her eyes toward heaven. The hair is cut to comb over the top from a part on the left side. The lower lip bulges with a chew under the gray and brown mustache, the classic face falls apart and

A modest amount of fame goes with the role, but no fortune: the 47-year-old Winfield works daily on his Wyoming spread





The tricky role in team roping goes to the "heeler" after practicing on a calf. Winfield checks out the livestock.

he looks like any ordinary battered, mouth-breathing, half-crippled Old West character. He offers everybody a beer or a Dr Pepper from the cooler. "If we run out," he says, "we'll send the fat lady down to get more."

So you are right. The ads deceive. No self-respecting woman, surely, would smoke his brand, just on principle. To think that Marlboro used to be a woman's cigarette. On the other hand, you are wrong. That prement model, that extraordinarily noble-looking fellow with the tenebrous eyes, the fine crow's-feet, the mustache, the upwardly indented chin, is so much a cowboy that you could have derived all your smart remarks about the type from him alone. More or less.

Everybody around here seems to like Winfield a whole lot. They throng to his rig to talk horses with him and pass the idle insult. He is even supposed to be a fair roper. Kip Alexander, one of Winfield's team-tying partners before he moved to Raverton, says, "Old Winchester used to heel pretty good." Kip lets several beats elapse while he grins, as if he forgot what he was going to say. Then he finishes. "That uz before he lost his sight."

Team roping, team tying, dally roping: these three terms apply to the same event. A steer is turned loose from a chute between two mounted cowboys. The steer yanks out a line which, when it has gone 10 feet, releases rope barriers in front of the horses, which charge. The rider on the steer's left, catching up, ropes the head. If that much goes well, the steer is kept running, drawn by the horse now ahead of it. Coming up behind, the heeler slips his loop across the steer's hind legs and catches it up quickly with the feet miraculously snared.

Heeling is the more difficult task. It looks like a matter of luck but actually it is a matter of accuracy and of timing plus luck.

In a sense, roping is a metaphor of the cowboy's approach to life, an expression of his taste. A cowboy is still dreaming the cowboy's life while he is living it. There is always the risk that the tenuous loop he casts at life will come up empty. Imagination saves him.

Even back in California when he was working in a feedlot near Fresno and rodeoing a lot, Winfield never went in for the bone-breaking reality of brose riding and bull riding. Similarly, for him there is no excitement in shooting animals with a rifle. When he goes on a hunting trip it is for the ride, the camp life and the poker; he doesn't carry a gun. But he loves to throw that hopeful circle out there at the scampering heels. He will find two partners and borrow a horse and heel two times tonight.

His parents were Okies. He was raised on a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. After the feedlot boss died, Winfield cowboied for the Schwabachers. They are some connection of the San Francisco manufacturers of Levi's, and they have a ranch in Wyoming, too. He and Lennie had four girls and a boy before they moved to the Schwabachers' Wyoming place, the Quarter Circle Five, not far from Pine-dale. There another daughter came along.

Not much else collected on him. He was living, he says, "like a coyote." But cowboying was the only thing he had ever wanted to do, though he had been temporarily swayed by some book about the life of a trapper in the Far North. He was always a reader of books. Movies had no part in forming his ideals. Movies, he says, are too limited. They don't leave enough to your imagination.

The image people know where imagination lives. Nine years ago the Leo Burnett agency of Chicago decided to use the Quarter Circle Five for a shooting. Somebody happened to like the looks of one of the cowboys. The rest will someday be history.

That famous chin was nearly double then. Winfield would

continued

be seen at the Friday night rodeo, almost fat, in robin's-egg blue Wranglers, team roping with Kip Alexander or John Hintz or Bob Hittle. The announcer would point him out for the few tourists in the bleachers and, comparing this vision to the image in all the magazines, the tourists presumably smiled. Apparently, whoever was taking those fine, myth-embodying photographs (it was usually Jan Braddy) steered clear of profiles and kept the cowboy in sheepskin jackets or slickers that concealed the paunch. Certainly they kept him out of pastel jeans.

Groupies? No. There was one big party in Chicago—Winfield liked the party, didn't like the city. There was one trip to Venezuela, where Winfield, with all the irony you could wish for, played an engineer inspecting a new microwave station. He goes on location five or six times a year, five to 10 days at a time. He has no contract. He is paid a day rate. When it dries up, it dries up. "The richest man on earth," he says, "is a cowboy in town."

The day before yesterday would be representative. The previous morning some little blue horse had bucked off Tony Mendes (who loosened a nail of the corral with his head) and stepped on his foot. This noon Darrell had fetched Tony from the hospital in Riverton and delivered him to Tony's pink trailer on the road to Shoshoni. Then Darrell went home.

He parked in the stones and weeds, went around back past the picnic table and climbed the wooden steps to the kitchen door of his own trailer house perched above the sparse grass on cinder blocks.

It was sister Lennie and their daughter Janet, whose husband Danny Mendes, Tony's son, is Darrell's partner in the horse business, were sitting at the counter with ice tea.

While his wife Lennie looks on, the Marlboro Man tries his hand at cards.



They were on tenterhooks to know how Tony was. Darrell said that Tony had to stay in bed another week. The women were very sad.

On the floor in the living room was Ty Anderson, who was riding bulls and broncs at the Pinedale rodeo six years ago. Edward Kitchen was asleep with his head against the portable fan. Danny Mendes was draped in a chair, the only time he would be seen without a larist in his hands. Winfield fell onto the couch and asked the sleepers how many horses they had left to ride. "Aw, not too many," Danny said, yawning. It was too hot even inside the house to count horses seriously. They talked about this old boy, that old point. The vet was coming this afternoon to look at a sore-shouldered backskin and that horse that groined so. How did such and such go? Did you run him till his nose was on the ground? Take a roller skate along when you work that thing, and gallop him until you have to carry his nose back here on that roller skate.

"What about that old horse that bucked Tony off?"

"Haven't rode him yet."

"Well, somebody is going to have to get on him."

Gradually everybody stirred and got up and drank a glass or two of ice water or ice tea. Then they went out and got into cars or trucks and drove over to the corrals.

It was shady down by the barns. Some of the buildings were old, but the cottonwoods they were under were much older. As for the corrals and pens and sheds, Darrell said, "We built all of it, and now it's all falling down."

The boys were not galloping horses just yet. They were standing under the giant cottonwoods, throwing ropes, slowly re-coiling them, shaking out their loops, twirling them round their heads, throwing them again. Right between the trees and the assortment of calico horses snubbed to the round corral there was a bale of hay with a set of steer horns on a wooden head mounted at one end. That was for heading practice. For heeling there was a pipe coming up out of the ground with a horizontal beam on it that had a token head at one end and a pair of free-swinging slots at the other. Someone would sit astride this dummy and hold the slots up and release them so they would swing back and forth like a steer's hind legs. The boys were betting beers on who could rope both hind legs most times out of 10.

A cowboy's life is suffused with elements of sport. Rodeo events are just a formalization of the fact that his work is a succession of athletic contests, albeit with long spells of boredom in between. The roping events are kinetic shooting sports, like basketball in a way.

Two of the boys took a couple of horses back up on the tablelands of the Indian reservation to give them a good sweat. Edward Kitchen let the blue horse into the small round corral. Howard Meek showed up from over Big Piney way looking for two or three cow horses. Then the vet arrived and had one of the boys go gallop that horse that had made so much noise breathing. They could hear the bay horse groan a quarter of a mile away. When he returned to the corral, the saddle was taken off him. The vet ran a stethoscope all over his barrel, chest and neck. "That's your trouble," he said. "He's a roarer." He gave a learned disquisition on the Adam's apple of a horse, its crypts and flaps. The obstruct-

continued



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If anyone has any doubts about a Volkswagen sports car, he hasn't been to the races lately.



SCIROCCO THE RACING VOLKSWAGEN

tion could be removed but the operation would cost \$600. Winfield said that he would see the owner at Pinedale in a couple of days and find out what the man wanted to do.

Then he stood with a larrikin in his hands, talking to Howard Meek about a young sorrel, an exceptionally fine and bright-eyed animal, with the long silky forelock and dished face of an Arab. "Some cow in him, they say. But you know—they tell me anything." He threw the loop casually at the heading dummy. Every time, he caught both horns. Danny called to him, "Durrell, you want to see the buckskin work?"

"Aw, yeah. If he rears I'll throw a rock at him."

"Don't miss him and hit me."

In the round corral Edward mounted the scarred little blue that had tossed Tony Mendes. "Beat him vigorously," Winfield ordered. Edward walked, trotted, reversed the blue repeatedly, but nothing happened. "He don't seem to have it in mind," Edward said.

Pinedale is reenacting, as it does every year, the great annual gathering of mountaineers, trappers, Indians and traders that took place near here between 1830 and 1840: the Rendezvous on the Green. The streets are full of horses ridden bareback by nubile girls in black pigtails, buckskin dresses, red paint on their bare legs, and by bearded men in the furs of wild animals. There are portents of a night of pagan revels.

The two sold horses having been picked up, Winfield and Lennie go downtown with a friend for a very rare sirloin and tequila at the Stockman's restaurant. A parade is passing by, wagons and buggies and stagecoaches; Bridger, Bonneville, Stewart in skins, with muskets; then a gap, a long gap, where the Indians are supposed to be. Somebody hollers that they probably stopped off in a bar. A lady comes up to Winfield saying, "I had to drive to Baltimore last month. Saw you on a billboard about every three miles and I wasn't homesick at all." Somebody else, standing about as high as the giant image's chin, had taken a picture of Durrell the other day up in Montana.

At the entrance to the rodeo grounds a girl wearing a change-apron is stopping cars. Winfield in the right front seat suddenly becomes obstreperous. The

continued



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MARLBORO MAN *country*

idea of paying to get on the grounds of a rodeo in which he is a participant purely infuriates him, even though the dollar will be taken off his entry fee. At least the fit he throws is convincing.

"I am not going to pay?" he shouts. "I am not going to pay!"

The girl ducks her worried brow to look at this lunatic. "Sir..."

"I am not going to pay! I am not!"

She straightens up, calls ahead to an older lady, gestures frantically at the leprous automobile, and drifts off. The other lady leans familiarly on the driver's window-sill, as if it were the back fence. Winfield resumes his vinyl screeching. Hopeless. The whole careful goes in free.

Winfield is not registered, is not on the program. He goes to the designated blue Ford pickup next to the bucking-horse pens. In the line, somebody tries to sell him a horse. He peels off a \$100 bill and pays for two entries.

In team tying, each team may be entered once, but each cowboy is permitted to find two different partners and thereby enter twice. Danny Mendes and another roper from Riverton, Carl Luna, went up to rope in Jackson last night. They are supposed to be here later on. Winfield lines up Tom Benefield for one of his partners. Danny will be the other.

In the arena, traffic is counterclockwise, as at a skating rink. Winfield stops a girl warming up her mount for the barrel racing and pole bending. "Your mother told me you're ready to try a young horse." Crestfallen, she admits she already bought one. He climbs to the announcer's booth, registers himself and alters some other names. When their turns come, Tom Benefield will be announced as Tom Bloomfield and Carl Luna as Charlie Tuna.

There will be a long wait. The team roping is the last event of the evening, because, as Winfield says, "It's so boring." Everybody and his brother gets into it and they use the same horses a lot, so you wait while stirrups are adjusted. You need a horse that can really get in the ground and will come in on the cow with his head where it belongs. Cowboys favor the event but during it headlights along the rail will begin to go on and pull back. The sun will be down over the Salt River Range and the moon up over the Winds and the arena dim under barely adequate lights.

There is no great crowd to begin with sitting in one set of bleachers opposite the bucking chutes and on the hoods of trucks and cars around the rest of the arena. Pinedale is said to be the remotest town from a railroad or a major highway in the lower 48. It is still a real cattle town, for all the camper traffic in the summer, the dude-ranch business, the hunters and backpackers.

The weekend rodeo has a place in Pinedale's life analogous to a cross between band concerts in the village park and the firemen's slow-pitch softball games elsewhere. The announcer will know by name the kids who come out of the calf-scramble with the red ribbons from the calf's tail. When the announcer's turn in the calf roping approaches, a woman will take his place at the microphone, saying, "Oh, darn, sun's so bright I couldn't see for a minute, looks like the cowboy threw his loop away." Cowhands from all those grand, half-buried, several-thousand-acre cattle barones come to town to ride the bulls and bucking stock, competing with gas station attendants, carpenters, the fellow who drives the Vangus truck. Elsewhere the same men might nurse overhanging bellies to help them belt the long ball. Here, the problem is to stay in contact with horses that have figured out how to eat good on eight seconds' work a week.

The country's most successful bareback bronco rider, Joe Alexander, is a local boy, but the competition here is on a homer level. More often than not, after a ride that looks good to the tourists, the contestant will be rescued by his pickup rider and the announcer will say, "He's on the ground and he can hear you, and that's all he's going to get"—possibly meaning that the judges have awarded him no score for failing to rake his spurs up and down the horse's shoulders all the while. The calves will run right through a fair percentage of the loops. In the calf roping, one cowboy will rope brilliantly, not 20 feet from the barrier, and then wrestle the legs for 40 seconds to get them tied. As if that were not disappointing enough, the crutler will then stand up and walk out of the knot.

"You and me ought to be in the bareback riding tonight, Winchester," Bob Hittle says back of the cattle chutes.

"What are you talking about?" Winfield replies scornfully.

"Well, they ain't got but one score, a 57. Second and third's still open."

But the reality, the intimately felt experience of sporting events is diminished in proportion to the number of people witnessing them; it is inverse, also, to the size and splendor of the facilities. The Pinedale rodeo is a case in point. One of the contestants in the senior girls' pole bending cannot stop her horse after their run. He veers at the fence, jerks her loose, and while she is in the air beside him, whacks her with his head and smashes her into the calf-chute. The cowboys on the rail nearby turn their heads with mild interest. A bronc bucks his rider off balance and goes for a gallop closer and closer to the rail with the cowboy hanging out sideways and finally wipes him off against the main gate. The noise is awful. Winfield and his cronies guffaw at a photographer who turns away with a hand over his eyes, appalled.

Suddenly Tom Loxier is down in the dirt at the far end, a horse sticking out of his leg. He sits up and calls for an ambulance.

The team roping had been going on for half an hour and it was dark when Carl Luna and Danny Mendes, with their wives, pulled their rigs around behind Darrell's. In the Jackson rodeo last night they had roped head and heels in winning time, stretched the steer out between the two horses—almost—and then Luna plumb dropped his rope. Darrell said, "See? Bringing those women will jinx you. You look at the winners. They don't bring their wives."

Kip Alexander and his partner going eighth had set the time to beat so far—10.8 seconds. Doug Vickery went out on a horse Winfield had brought over for him to try. Darrell said, "Hope he does good so he'll buy him." The horse did all right but the head cowboy threw his loop away. They could have taken another rope; Vickery could have gone for the horns while his partner re-coiled his lariat, but they spared everybody the delay. This was the biggest night of the year downtown. The Stockman's, The Cowboy, The Corral were spilling live music and customers all over the only paved street. Vickery and his partner took a no-time. Darrell told Vickery, "Victory, you know that's a cow-watching son of a gun, a good horse,

he gives you all he's got. You keep him till you get used to him."

And aside: "I know I ain't going to make no money roping. I have got to make it some way."

Danny Mendes and Charlie Tuna were called, and they took a 12, plus five seconds for roping only one hind leg. Charlie Tuna and Tom Bloomfield took a no-time. Now Winfield mounted Luna's big gray gelding. Danny missed the head this time, a thing he does not often do. To make sure everybody knew whose fault it was, he schooled his horse a bit. Then Tom mounted it to ride as Winfield's second partner.

At the chute, he asked the barrier judge, "How's this steer run?"

"He runs straight," the judge said, honest like a cowboy, "but pretty hard."

The steer broke out and veered away to the right. Tom drove his horse after it, the lariat whirling round his head, and let loose over in front of the announcer's stand. He came up empty.

The Marlboro Man never got to throw a rope. Is that a suitable irony?

"It don't matter to me really," Winfield said later, "except I do need the money." They were all standing by the rigs and Winfield was passing around a full bottle of brandy.

"He'll be saying that when he goes upstairs," Doug Vickery said.

"I do need the money. I have an extravagant wife." Winfield threw away the brandy bottle cap, and said, snarled really, "You are all stuck. You have got to finish it now."

A horse with its cinch, bellystrap and breastplate unhitched stumbled off toward the creek, stepping on its reins. "It knows where it is going, I reckon," somebody said. Somebody else said, "It will shed that saddle in a little bit." Winfield took the fire extinguisher out of the Dodge and got "Victory" to rush into the area between Dinny's and Carl's rigs where they were preparing to breed their steaks, spraying the charcoal and hollering, "Far! Far!" All leaned against the trucks and trailers, whatever was handy for support, slapping their thighs, as the grounds emptied.

In the gloaming, herded by Kip Alexander and another shadowy rider, the bucking string clattered by, kicking and raising dust, looking for all the world like a Marlboro ad.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 3-9

PRO BASKETBALL—Detroit kept trying to avenge Detroit in the Midwest, the Pistons winning their third game in succession, a 140-122 top-to-bottom win. Milwaukee. But there was little joy in Madison. "We're winners," conceded Pistons Captain Bob Lanier, "but I hate coming down here." The atmosphere was being caused by all feelings between several Detroit players—most notably, Kevin Porter—lead their coach, Herb Brown. Detroit, meanwhile, was going on ground, finishing the week with a four-game lead over the Pistons. The Nuggets beat Houston (page 16) 117-107 on Jan. 5. In their 30 games, they defeated Chicago 119-99 for their 19th home game win in 30 tries. Milwaukee beat Phoenix 118-111 in Junior Bradman's second 18 points, then defeated Buffalo and Philadelphia to rack up eight wins in 11 games. Elsewhere in the mid-to-midwest: Kansas City beat Houston 106-94 for its fourth win in a row and Indiana got 39, 41 and 26 points from Billy Knight in the Pacers' third, fourth and fifth consecutive wins. In Philly context, the Atlanta new lead found them. The New York Nets dropped their eighth game in a row. Buffalo in South, the New York Knicks topped a three-game losing streak against Phoenix 122-91, and Boston lost two of three, including a 120-84 drubbing in the hands of Pacific under Portland, in which the Celtics scored only 32 points in the second half. Golden State won the fifth of its last six games, a 116-107 victory over New Orleans. Cleveland moved back to first in the Central by 10 points, despite allowing George McGovern to score 32 points and haul down 22 rebounds in a 116-96 loss to Philadelphia. San Antonio defeated Denver 117-113 as James Silas scored 28 points on his return from knee surgery.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY defeated Marshall Hall 218-202 to win the \$40,000 Liza Cluzac at Torrey Pines.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—The WEST defeated the East 20-17 at the Bula Bowl in Honolulu as USC Quarterback Vince Evans scored two touchdowns. Quarterback Steve Frazier of Michigan threw two touchdowns in the final two minutes of the Senior Bowl to lead the NORTH past the South 23-21 in Mobile, Ala.

PRO FOOTBALL—The OAKLAND RAIDERS shut off Minnesota's offense, and won Super Bowl XI 32-14 in Pasadena (page 18).

GOLF—JERRY PATE won the \$200,000 Phoenix Open, defeating Dana Soutter on the big hole of sudden death. The two had finished tied at 271 seven under par after 72 holes (page 50).

HOCKEY—NHL Adams leader Buffalo met Norris leader Montreal last week, and instead of a hotly contested battle for Walter Conference supremacy, the Canadiens won in a walk, 7-2. "It was a collective effort," said Buffalo Left Wing Richard Mahon, "We all fell asleep at the same time." The Sabres woke up long enough to pull off of Toronto 4-3 and held their three-point lead over Boston. The Bruins beat Cleveland 3-2 but lost to Minnesota 3-1. The North Stars had been the Seattle early decision until they executed a turnaround by winning five of six games in their short stay at Vancouver. So Los Angeles to lead over Chicago in the Pacific, despite being in Philadelphia 1-1 and Vancouver 3-2. The New York Rangers got about as close as anyone gets to Philadelphia these days, tying the Flyers 4-4. The Rangers also tied Colorado by the same score, after trailing 3-0. The New York Islanders kept their hopes and dreams so close with Atlanta, 3-4 and 4-3. Bruce Trotter's 13-shot shot near the end of the first game was deflected over the net by J. P. Parise to account for the Islanders' first win, and Llewellyn and Billy Harris scored two goals in the second game.

WHA. Quebec improved its Eastern Division lead with a pair of wins over New England, and for good measure handed the touring Soviet National team a 4-0 drubbing, the all-star's second loss in eight games against WHA teams. Quebec opened the week with a 3-1 victory over the Whalers. Marc Tardif, New season's leading scorer, getting two goals and two assists. In a return match three days later, the all-star's goal leader, Russ Clement, and his 12nd, 13th and 14th goals and the Nordiques won 7-3. Cincinnati ended a seven-game losing streak with a 7-1 victory over Birmingham, then beat San Diego 2-1. The Marinos, however, held a five-point lead over Houston in the Western Division race.

MOTOR SPORTS—JOE SCHECKTER of South Africa won the Argentine Grand Prix in Buenos Aires, the first Formula 1 race of the year, driving a Wolf-Ford at an average speed of 118.45 mph on the 7.3-mile circuit. In last Carlos Pace of Brazil. James Hunt, the 1975 driving champion, dropped out after a crash on the 12nd lap. He was not repaired.

TENNIS—ROSCOE TANNER won the men's title in the Australian Open, defeating Guillermo Vilas 6-3, 6-3, 6-3 for the first-time player of \$27,512. KILRY REED won the women's title and \$10,512 by beating Dianne Fromholtz 7-5, 6-2.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA upset Chris Evert 6-3, 6-3 and won \$30,000 in the Virginia Slims tournament in Lansdowne, Md.

BASEBALL—ACQUIRED: Control of the financially troubled Atlanta Braves by Atlanta Braves Owner TED TURNER. Turner purchased over 50% of the Braves' stock and reportedly named former ABA Commissioner Mike Scussone as president and general manager of the club.

EXCLUDED BOBBY FISHER, from the 1978 World Chess championships, by FIDE, chess's governing body, for failing to appear by a Jan. 1 deadline that he would play in elimination rounds to determine the eventual challenger of champion Anatoly Karpov.

NAMED As head coach of the New York Jets, WALY MICHAELS, 47. A former AFB Pro Footballer for Cleveland and the Jets' defensive coordinator for 11 seasons, Michaels was given a three-year contract.

RESIGNED Effective at the end of the college basketball season, BOB ZUFFALATO, 36, head coach at Boston College for the past five seasons. The Eagles were 9-17 last season, and 4-7 this year.

SIGNED By the San Diego Chargers, former Nebraska wideback and 1977 Heisman Trophy winner JERRY ROUGHERS, who played for four seasons with the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League.

SOLD By C. C. Johnson SPEAK, for an undisclosed amount, THE SPORTING NEWS, a weekly sports tabloid that has come to be known as the "Bible of baseball" in its 91 years of publication, to the Times Mirror Company, publisher of The Los Angeles Times.

DIED MIKE MILBY, 33, an infielder for the California Angels, in a car accident, near Bacon Ridge, La. Milby batted 176 in 84 games over the past two seasons.

DIED DANNY FREGIELLA, 34, a relief pitcher last season for the Milwaukee Brewers and before that for four other major league teams, in a slow injury accident, near Phoenix, in his 10 major league seasons. Fregiella had a 10-40 record, 55 saves and a 3.1 ERA.

CREDITS

6—Lane Stewart 6—drawing by Arnold Roth 10-11—Tony Tropic 12-13—Neil Lester Water focus 21 14-16—Tony Tropic Water focus 21 17-18—James Drake 19—Marty Miller 17 20-21—Duffy Hamillman 22-23—Eugene 24—Tony Tropic 25—Tom Schaefer 26—James Drake 27-28—Robert Lopez 29—Lane Stewart 30-31—Robert Lopez 32-33—Bill Epplage 34—Bill Epplage

FACES IN THE CROWD

BRAD BRAD
Pittsburgh Pirates



A 5' 10" junior running back for Perryton High, Brad rushed for 2,107 yards this season, averaging 8.8 yards a carry. He ran for 20 touchdowns, threw six scoring passes, caught one TD pass, kicked seven field goals and 26 PATs.

KEVIN TERRY
North Carolina State



Wendi, 16, a junior on the North Carolina State soccer team, scored all of his team's goals in a 7-2 defeat of Brush High for the Cleveland District championship. He set a state single-season scoring record of 46 goals and nine assists in 19 games.



STEFAN SWETT
Minnesota State

Suffas, 13, 4' 8" and 78 pounds, holds records for his age and body weight in the sprints (82.6 pounds), clean and jerk (121.2 pounds) and total weight (203.8 pounds). He also is a New England Junior Olympic weightlifting champion.



JOE WIEROT
Bronx Forest, N.Y.

Wendi, 19, scored 66 goals and had 43 assists for the Indiana University water polo team. The Hoosiers, who had a 16-6 record, named Wendi their most valuable player in the first time a freshman has ever won the honor.



RICKEY SUTTON
Southfield, N.J.

Sutton, a 6-foot, 165-pound sophomore guard for Lyndon State College is leading NCAA Division III scorers with 3.9 points per game average, seven more than his nearest rival. He was Division III scoring champ last year.



ROBERT LOPEZ
Glenview, Ill.

A senior at Glenview High School, 17, won the state AAA class cross-country championship. His time of 15:28 for the 3.15-mile course broke the course record by 36 seconds. Robert had the largest winning margin in the state meet's history.

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- The Celtics eclipsing the Suns to take home their 13th NBA title
- Montreal stunning the Flyers
- Bold Forbes winning the Kentucky Derby
- Once-in-a-lifetime tennis between Connors and Borg
- Cincinnati vs. the Yankees in the World Series

- The biggie of the Bowl games—Super Bowl XI!

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

PLEASE RISE...

Sir,

Thanks to J. O. Reed's amusing article concerning our national anthem's place in sports (*Gadfly*, Screaming, Jan. 3), I found out that I have an unsympathetic dog. Inspired while reading the story, I broke into a hearty rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. I was belting out the last few bars when my one-year-old miniature schnauzer broke into a frenzied wail. Maybe it was just her way of saying "Play Ball!"

BRIAN BARLEY
Wayne, N.J.

Sir,

Bea! It is high time someone did an article on this sporting catastrophe. Every day of every sports season, *The Banner* is subjected to lyrical blasphemy and outright hatred. I think this musical nightmare should be excluded from our arenas and ball parks forever.

ROBERT WEAVER
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir,

The Star-Spangled Banner has lost most of its meaning for me. Because of constant repetition it has grown into something that must be endured, not enjoyed. We stand at attention out of habit, not to display our patriotism. This is not to say that *The Banner* always goes unnoticed. The shortened version played at the Montreal Olympics after an American triumph is my fondest memory of *The Banner*. The ritual playing of our national anthem before sports events takes away from special moments like this.

MICHAEL NITTOLO
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Sir,

Showing disrespect for the national anthem at a sports event is a shame and a disgrace to our great country. I get a shiver every time I hear the song. I'm convinced that the anthem carries with it a certain amount of magic. Anyone who can't stand still for 90 seconds to show respect for our nation doesn't deserve to call himself an American.

STEVE J. GUNN
Twin Lake, Mich.

Sir,

The Star-Spangled Banner should remain our national anthem and be played before every sports event.

MARK GECHE
Mount Pleasant, Pa.

Sir,

I was surprised to learn that *The Star-Spangled Banner* lasts 90 seconds. Most of my *Banner* experience has come at Notre

Dame basketball games. The pep band there has a 63-second version that Indiana Pacer Coach Bobby Leonard would just love.

W. R. DODD
Indianapolis

Sir,

My brother and I play a paddle ball game in our backyard. After each hard-fought match, we play a tape recording of the anthem. The winner of the match stands up on a step and raises his paddle in ecstasy. The loser stands at lower level, but still shows respect. I have never won this game, and I am anxious for the summer to come so that I can win and stand tall and proud for my country. I try to picture it: the sun shining, me standing on the step, the anthem blaring away and the neighbors staring in disbelief.

LARRY LASDAY
Pittsburgh

Sir,

Regarding your reference to the good fortunes of the Philadelphia Flyers when Kate Smith sings *God Bless America* before the game, I'd like to add that Kate's recording has been used once so far this season, after the team returned from a poor road trip with a 7-6-3 record. The Flyers beat the Vancouver Canucks 6-4 that night, starting an unbeaten streak that has been interrupted by only two losses in 26 games. Kate's magic lives!

LOUIS C. SCHENFELD
Vice-President
Philadelphia Flyers
Philadelphia

Sir,

Apparently J. O. Reed has never heard Kathy Kreams, the young "Sweetheart of Candlestick Park," but he will someday. Kathy, an 18-year-old coloratura soprano and the daughter of Lou Kreams (business manager of the National League), has been thrilling San Francisco Giant fans for the past two seasons with her fantastic rendition of the national anthem. Also, she would have sung it at the 1976 World Series if the Phillies had been in it. Kathy is enrolled at the University of Southern California, where she is a freshman majoring in voice, and hopes to be an outstanding opera singer someday.

JOE GIBBONS
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sir,

Consider the experience of North Texas State Offensive Tackle Gary Smith. A voice student, Smith delivered a stirring, resonant rendition of the anthem before a near-capacity homecoming crowd in 1975, his sophomore season, and the fans were moved to a prolonged ovation. Moments later, on the first

series of plays, Smith was knocked senseless and had to miss the rest of the game. He has not sung the anthem or missed a game since.

TEMPLE POLUNCEY
The Dallas Morning News
Dallas

Sir,

Who will ever forget the Vietnam war hero standing at attention in the center of the Orange Bowl as Ainslie Bryant sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*? Heck, I missed the whole first quarter trying to dry my tears.

BOB PAINSON
Spartanburg, S.C.

Sir,

I have a particular favorite, Orlando (Fla.) Sports Stadium ring announcer Jim Hayes, who stands up on the balls of his feet and belts out one verse of *The Banner*—without any music. He performs as well as anyone I have ever heard. On occasions, he's better than the lights.

FRANK J. SHERAKO
Shelbille Beach, Fla.

ADEPT APPRENTICE

Sir,

Steve Cauthen is good (*That Baby Face Will Fool You*, Jan. 3). I know. I saw him win four races one day. But let's not call him a Shoemaker—not yet, anyway.

MICHAEL ALESHIK
New York City

ROAD WORK

Sir,

Thank you for using my favorite professional basketball team, the Milwaukee Bucks, as the subject of your article on the rigors of NBA travel (*One More for the Road*, Jan. 3). At least now you have documented that the Bucks are alive and well, probably in a holding pattern over some airport, despite their horrendous 4-25 start this season.

ERIC E. JAKEL
Bethesda, Md.

Sir,

Congratulations to John Papantek and Walter Ioss Jr. Ioss' photographs captured all the emotions of a team on the road, while Papantek's story was a revealing report of what goes on during a road trip. This used to be one side of professional sports that the fan knew nothing about. Thanks to your superb article, this may now realize that the life of a pro basketball player is not always as simple and exciting as it seems to be.

SPENCER ROSMAN
Schmidsdale, N.Y.

Sir,

My heart goes out to the Bucks and their competitors in the NBA for their 80 days of

suffering for a six-figure salary and \$25 a day spending money when traveling. The sacrifices a man must make! Life is tough.

GEORGE D. THEODORAKOS
Hopkinton, Ky

GITCHI GAMI GAMES

Sir:
Congratulations on a fine article about cross-country skiing, one of the fastest growing winter sports in North America (*A Wise Man and His Gift*, Jan. 3). The work of Telemark's Tony Wise in creating the "American Cup" will go a long way to spread the word about the sport many of us love.

DAVID W. ALVORD
Cummington, Mass.

Sir:

I have had the opportunity to ski on a number of the cross-country trails at Telemark and also watched the Gitchi Gami Games. Tony Wise deserves all the praise he gets and more.

RICHARD PERRY
Minneapolis

LEGGY AWARDS

Sir:
Hats off to William Leggett on his selections for his annual awards for sports broadcasting (TV/RADIO, Dec. 20-27). I would like to add three categories: 1) Worst Athlete-Turned-Announcer: Don Meredith, who in switching from ABC to NBC went from bad to worse; 2) Best Pairing of Announcers for a Sports Event: Pat Summerall and Tom Brookshier for NFL football on CBS; and 3) Worst Color Man for a Sports Event: Alex Hawkins (CBS), who seems to think that every player he sees is the best at his position.

DAVID SOLOMONSKY
Philadelphia

Sir:

Pat Summerall and Tom Brookshier have to be the worst sportscasters on TV. They should take lessons from Curt Gowdy and Don Meredith, the best.

MIKE DELLINGER
Middletown, Ind.

Sir:

William Leggett's selections were great, but I cannot understand how he could have left out of his Top 10 Game 5 of the NBA championship between the Phoenix Suns and the Boston Celtics. It was the most exciting sports event I have ever seen and probably ever will see.

TIM NELSON
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Sir:

I agree with William Leggett that the Best Coverage of a Single Event was ABC's telecast of the Winter Olympic Games. Other awards Leggett hit on the head were Worst Coverage of a Major Sport (ABC's Monday Night Baseball) and Most Overexposed (Nadia Comaneci).

JEFFREY J. TAWNEY
Dunbar, W. Va.

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

Sir:

How about these? Revolving Door Award: to Muhammad Ali, for his "permanent" re-representations. Best Dressed Announcer: Lindsey Nelson, for his colorful jackets. Best Rookie Announcer: Emerson Boozer, for being intelligent. Most Concerned Announcer: "As far as I'm concerned" Alex Karras.

WILLIAM HENRY SETHINGTON
 Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

It is nice to see a forum for the citing of those who excel in the sports broadcasting field, whether on the air or behind the scenes. Also, I agree that tennis ratings could "get zapped" by the oversaturation of the sport on television. When one can flip stations and come up with three Chris Everts playing three different opponents, tennis is oversaturated.

However, there was a misleading statement in the article that bears pointing up, if only to show that good tennis can succeed on TV and should not carelessly be lumped with the bad. In the "Bet You Can't Name the Sport and the Winners of These Events" category, Leggett lists the Volvo Classic, a tourney held actually in North Conway, N.H. The 1976 Volvo final was not televised, as he implies. North Conway was plagued by a weekend of rain and, to accommodate the finalists who needed to move on to the next week's tournaments, the matches were played indoors with a national audience watching somewhere in the tens or twenties. Moreover, the final of the Volvo pitted Jimmy Connors against Raul Ramirez, Connors' conqueror in a brief Davis Cup match early last year. Their three-set battle would have been a highlight of the tennis-viewing season, especially with the competent Jack Whelaker scheduled to do the announcing.

BOB SULLIVAN
 Hanover, N.H.

QUAL CHAMPIONS

Sir:

Sheila Young and the "turn of the century Dutchman" Jaap Edean may have been the only two athletes to hold simultaneous world championships (Sportsman of the Year, Dec. 20-27), but I'll bet my Fred Perry tennis shorts that England's Fredrick J. Perry held the world table tennis title in 1929, before his Wimbledon championships of 1934-36. Another who comes to mind is Perry's countrywoman, Ann Haydon Jones, who came within one mixed backhand of also accomplishing this feat. A Wimbledon winner in 1969, Jones lost the 1957 world table tennis title 21-19 in the fifth game.

STEEVE ISAACSON
 Chicago

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Arctic Martini.



A man and a woman are dressed in heavy fur coats, suggesting a cold environment. The woman is wearing a white fur hood and holding a martini glass. The man is holding a martini glass and a bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. On the table in front of them is a bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, a glass of ice, a lemon, and a bucket of ice. The background is a solid blue color.

For colder, super-crisp martinis,
pre-chill the gin in your refrigerator or a handy
container of ice.
But make sure you use the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. 86/90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.



Come to where
the flavor is.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 7,